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THE MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

Published at EDINBURGH in the Years 1779, and 1780.

Veluti in speculo.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE FOURTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

LONDON:
Printed for W. STRAHAN, and T. CADELL in the Strand; and W. CREECH, at Edinburgh.
MDCCLXXXII.

*AP3
.M6
1782
vol. 1

other editions

ESTATE OF
JOSEPH H. CENTER,
JULY 14, 1903.

3 vols.

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ERRATA.

Page 5. line 21. *for* engage, *read* engaged.
29. —— 4. *for* de Artois, *read* d'Artois.
87. —— 11. *dele* will.
169. —— 17. *for* misfortunate, *read* unfortunate.
187. —— 12. *for* the, *read* this.
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THE

MIRROR.

N° 1. SATURDAY, *January* 23, 1779.

Quis novus hic hospes? VIRG.

WHEN a stranger is introduced into a numerous company, he is scarcely seated before every body present begins to form some notion of his character. The gay, the sprightly, and the inconsiderate, judge of him by the cut of his coat, the fashion of his periwig, and the ease or aukwardness of his bow. The cautious citizen, and the proud country-gentleman, value him according to the opinion they chance to adopt, the one, of the extent of his rent-roll, the other, of the length of his pedigree; and all estimate his merit, in proportion as he seems to possess, or to want, those qualities for which themselves wish to be admired. If, in the course of conversation, they chance to discover that he is in use to make one in the polite circles of the metropolis; that he is familiar with the great, and sometimes

cloſeted with the miniſter; whatever contempt or indifference they may at firſt have ſhown, or felt themſelves diſpoſed to ſhow, they at once give up their own judgment; every one pays a compliment to his own ſagacity, by aſſuming the merit of having diſcovered that this ſtranger had the air of a man of faſhion; and all vie in their attention and civility, in hopes of eſtabliſhing a more intimate acquaintance.

An anonymous periodical writer, when he firſt gives his works to the Public, is pretty much in the ſituation of the ſtranger. If he endeavour to amuſe the young and the lively, by the ſprightlineſs of his wit, or the ſallies of his imagination, the grave and the ſerious throw aſide his works as trifling and contemptible. The reader of romance and ſentiment finds no pleaſure but in ſome eventful ſtory, ſuited to his taſte and diſpoſition; while, with him who aims at inſtruction in politics, religion, or morality, nothing is reliſhed that has not a relation to the object he purſues. But, no ſooner is the Public informed, that this unknown Author has already figured in the world as a poet, hiſtorian, or eſſayiſt; that his writings are read and admired by the Shafteſburies, the Addiſons, and the Cheſterfields of the age, than beauties are diſcovered

in every line; he is extolled as a man of univerſal talents, who can laugh with the merry, and be ſerious with the grave; who, at one time, can animate his reader with the glowing ſentiments of virtue and compaſſion, and at another, carry him through the calm diſquiſitions of ſcience and philoſophy.

Nor is the world to be blamed for this general mode of judging. Before an individual can form an opinion for himſelf, he is under a neceſſity of reading with attention, of examining whether the ſtyle and manner of the author be ſuited to his ſubject, if his thoughts and images be natural, his obſervations juſt, his arguments concluſive; and though all this may be done with moderate talents, and without any extraordinary ſhare of what is commonly called learning; yet it is a much more compendious method, and ſaves much time, and labour, and reflection, to follow the crowd, and to re-echo the opinions of the critics.

There is, however, one ſubject, on which every man thinks himſelf qualified to decide, namely, the repreſentation of his own character, of the characters of thoſe around him, and of the age in which he lives; and as I propoſe, in the following papers, "to hold, as it were, "the MIRROR up to Nature, to ſhow Virtue "her own features, Vice her own image, and

"the very age and body of the Time his form "and preſſure," my readers will judge for themſelves, independent of names and authority, whether the picture be a juſt one. This is a field, which, however extenſively and judiciouſly cultivated by my predeceſſors, may ſtill produce ſomething new. The follies, the faſhions, and the vices of mankind, are in conſtant fluctuation; and theſe, in their turn, bring to light new virtues, or modifications of virtues, which formerly lay hid in the human ſoul, for want of opportunities to exert them. Time alone can ſhow whether I be qualified for the taſk I have undertaken. No man, without a trial, can judge of his ability to pleaſe the Public; and prudence forbids him to truſt the applauſes of partial friendſhip.

It may be proper, however, without meaning to anticipate the opinion of the reader, to give him ſome of the outlines of my paſt life and education.

I am the only ſon of a gentleman of moderate fortune. My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianſhip of an eminent counſellor, who came annually to viſit an eſtate he had in the neighbourhood of my father's, and of the clergyman of the pariſh, both of them men of diſtinguiſhed probity and honour. They took particular care

of

of my education, intending me for one of the learned profeſſions. At the age of twenty I had completed my ſtudies, and was preparing to enter upon the theatre of the world, when the death of a diſtant relation in the metropolis left me poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune. I ſoon after ſet out on the tour of Europe; and, having paſſed five years in viſiting the different courts on the continent, and examining the manners, with, at leaſt, as much attention as the pictures and buildings of the kingdoms through which I paſſed, I returned to my native country; where a misfortune of the tendereſt kind threw me, for ſome time, into retirement.

By the aſſiduities of ſome friends, who have promiſed to aſſiſt me in the preſent publication, I was prevented from falling a ſacrifice to that languid inactivity which a depreſſion of ſpirits never fails to produce. Without ſeeming to do ſo, they engage me by degrees to divide my time between ſtudy and ſociety; reſtoring, by that means, a reliſh for both. I once more took a ſhare in the buſy, and, ſometimes, in the idle ſcenes of life. But a mind habituated to reflection, though it may ſeem occupied with the occurrences of the day (a tax which politeneſs exacts, which every benevolent heart cheerfully pays), will often, at the ſame time,

be employed in endeavouring to discover the springs and motives of action, which are sometimes hid from the actors themselves; to trace the progress of character through the mazes in which it is involved by education or habit; to mark those approaches to error into which unsuspecting innocence and integrity are too apt to be led; and, in general, to investigate those passions and affections of the mind which have the chief influence on the happiness of individuals, or of society.

If the sentiments and observations to which this train of thinking will naturally give rise, can be exhibited in this paper, in such a dress and manner as to afford *amusement*, it will, at least, be an innocent one; and, though *instruction* is, perhaps, hardly to be expected from such desultory sketches, yet their general tendency shall be, to cultivate taste, and improve the heart.

T

No 2. SATURDAY, *January* 30, 1779.

NO child ever heard from its nurſe the ſtory of Jack the Giant Killer's *cap of darkneſs*, without envying the pleaſures of inviſibility; and the idea of *Gyges's Ring* has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in ſome degree, poſſeſſed by the writer of an anonymous paper. He can at leaſt exerciſe it for a purpoſe for which people would be moſt apt to uſe the privilege of being inviſible, to wit, that of hearing what is ſaid of himſelf.

A few hours after the publication of my Firſt Number, I ſallied forth, with all the advantages of inviſibility, to hear an account of myſelf and my paper. I muſt confeſs, however, that, for ſome time, I was mortified by hearing no ſuch account at all; the firſt company I viſited being dull enough to talk of laſt night's *Advertiſer*, inſtead of the *Mirror*; and the ſecond, which conſiſted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my Firſt Number, making a ſudden digreſſion to the price of a new-faſhioned luteſtring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would

be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place where I contrived to introduce the ſubject of my publication, though it was a coffee-houſe, where it is actually taken in for the uſe of the cuſtomers; a ſet of old gentlemen at one table, throwing it aſide to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known ſhop of my Editor I found it the ſubject of converſation; though I muſt own that, even here, ſome little quackery was uſed for the purpoſe, as he had taken care to have ſeveral copies lying open on the table, beſides the conſpicuous appearance of the ſubſcription-paper hung up fronting the door, with the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The firſt queſtion I found agitated was concerning the Author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr. Creech, tho' much importuned on this head, knew his buſineſs better than to ſatisfy their curioſity: ſo the hounds were caſt off to find him, and many a different ſcent they hit on. Firſt, he was a *Clergyman*, then a *Profeſſor*, then a *Player*, then a Gentleman of the Exchequer who writes *plays*, then a *Lawyer*, a *Doctor of Laws*, a *Commiſſioner*

of

of the Cuſtoms, a *Baron of the Exchequer*, a *Lord of Seſſion*, a *Peer of the Realm*. A critic, who talked much about *ſtyle*, was poſitive as to the *ſex* of the writer, and declared it to be *female*, ſtrengthening his conjecture by the *name* of the paper, which, he ſaid, would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scoticiſms, which ſufficiently marked it to be a *home-production*.

This led to animadverſions on the work itſelf, which were begun by an obſervation of my own, that it ſeemed, from the ſlight peruſal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above mentioned ſtrenuouſly ſupported the contrary opinion; and concluded his ſtrictures on this particular publication, with a general remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of thought, nor beauty of compoſition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentleman, who ſaid he had a gueſs at the Author, prognoſticated, that the paper would be uſed as the vehicle of a ſyſtem of *Scepticiſm*, and that he had very little doubt of ſeeing Mr. Hume's poſthumous works introduced in it. A ſhort ſquat man, with a carbuncled face, maintained, that it was deſigned to propagate *Methodiſm*; and ſaid, he believed it to be the production of a diſciple of Mr. John Weſley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed

from both; and told us he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purposes.

A smart-looking young man, in green, said, he was sure it would be very satirical: his companion, in scarlet, was equally certain that it would be very stupid. But with this last prediction I was not much offended, when I discovered that its author had not read the First Number, but only enquired of Mr. Creech where it was published.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had just put on his spectacles to examine the paper, closed the debate, by observing, with a grave aspect, that as the Author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he said, he could have wished they had set apart a corner for intelligence from America: but, having taken off his spectacles, wiped, and put them into their case, he said, with a tone of discovery, he had found out the reason why there was nothing of that sort in the MIRROR; it was in order to save the tax upon newspapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for some time in doubt, whether I should not put an end to these questions at once, by openly publish-

ing

ing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from discovering the first by a certain bashfulness, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the last, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible to foresee. Besides these little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumstances, I must fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my situation. The disposition of the author will not always correspond with the temper of the man: in the first character I may sometimes indulge a sportiveness to which I am a stranger in the latter, and escape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occasional gaiety of the MIRROR.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have signified in my First Number, in allusion to my title: I mean to shew the world what it is, and will sometimes endeavour to point out what it should be.

Somebody has compared the publisher of a periodical paper of this kind, to the owner of a stage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without passengers. One might carry on the allusion through various points of similarity. I must confess to my customers, that

the road we are to paſs together is not a new one; that it has been travelled again and again, and that too in much better carriages than mine. I would only inſinuate, that, though the great objects are ſtill the ſame, there are certain little edifices, ſome beautiful, ſome groteſque, and ſome ridiculous, which people, on every ſide of the road, are daily building, in the proſpect of which we may find ſome amuſement. Their fellow-paſſengers will ſometimes be perſons of high, and ſometimes of low rank, as in other ſtage-coaches; like them, too, ſometimes grave, ſometimes facetious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be aſſured, that no ſcurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.

N° 3. TUESDAY, *February* 2, 1779.

Formam quidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, quæ, si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret sapientiæ. CIC. DE OFFIC.

THE philosopher, and the mere man of taste, differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is satisfied with the pleasure he receives from objects, without inquiring into the principles or causes from which that pleasure proceeds; but the philosophical inquirer, not satisfied with the effect which objects viewed by him produce, endeavours to discover the reasons why some of those objects give pleasure, and others disgust; why one composition is agreeable, and another the reverse. Hence have arisen the various systems with regard to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules, which, deduced from those principles, have been established by the critic.

In the course of these investigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities, which, when assembled together, constitute *beauty*, and produce that feeling which arises in the mind from the sight of a beautiful object. Some philosophers have said, that this feeling arises from the sight or examination

examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of *uniformity* and *variety*; others have thought, that, beside uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of an object that is termed *beautiful*.

To engage in an examination of those different systems, or to give any opinion of my own with regard to them, would involve me in a discussion too abstruse for a paper of this kind. I shall, however, beg leave to present my readers with a quotation from a treatise, intitled, *An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue* *. Speaking of the effect which the beauty of the human figure has upon our minds, the Author expresses himself in the following words:

"There is a further consideration, which "must not be passed over, concerning the ex- "ternal beauty of persons, which all allow to "have great power over human minds. Now, "it is some apprehended *morality*, some na- "tural or imagined *indication* of *concomitant* "*virtue*, which gives it this powerful charm "above all other kinds of beauty. Let us "consider the characters of beauty which are "commonly admired in countenances, and

* By Dr. Hutcheson.

"we

"we shall find them to be *sweetness, mildness,* "*majesty, dignity, vivacity, humility, tender-*"*ness, good-nature*; that is, certain *airs, pro-*"*portions, je ne sçai quoi's,* are natural *indi-*"*cations* of such virtues, or of abilities or dis-" positions towards them. As we observed " above, of misery or distress appearing in " countenances; so it is certain, almost all " habitual dispositions of mind form the coun-" tenance, in such a manner as to give some " *indications* to the spectator. Our violent " passions are obvious, at first view, in the " countenance, so that sometimes no art can " conceal them; and smaller degrees of them " give some less obvious turns to the face, " which an accurate eye will observe."

What an important lesson may be drawn by my fair countrywomen from the observations contained in this passage! Nature has given to their sex beauty of external form greatly superior to that of the other: the power which this gives them over our hearts they well know, and they need no instructor how to exercise it; but whoever can give any *prescription* by which that beauty may be increased, or its decay retarded, is a useful monitor, and a benevolent friend.

Now I am inclined to think, that a *prescription* may be extracted from the unfashionable

philosopher

philoſopher above quoted, which will be more effectual in heightening and preſerving the beauty of the ladies, than all the pearl-powder, or other coſmetics of the perfumer's ſhop. I hope I ſhall not be miſunderſtood, and I beg my fair readers may not think me ſo ill-bred, or ſo ignorant of the world, as to recommend the qualities mentioned in the above paſſage, on account of their having any intrinſic value. To recommend to the world to embrace *virtue for its own ſake*, ſhould be left to ſuch antiquated fellows as the Heathen philoſopher from whom I have taken the motto of this Number, or the modern philoſopher who has borrowed much from his writings; but I would not wiſh to ſully my paper, or to prevent its currency in the faſhionable circle, by ſuch obſolete doctrines.

Far be it from me, therefore, ſo much as to hint to a fine lady, that ſhe ſhould ſometimes ſtay at home, or retire to the country with that dulleſt of all dull companions, a huſband, becauſe it is the duty of a wife to pay attention to her ſpouſe; that ſhe ſhould ſpeak civilly to her ſervants, becauſe it is agreeable to the *fitneſs of things*, that people under us ſhould be well treated; that ſhe ſhould give up play, or late hours upon Sunday, becauſe the parſon ſays Sunday ſhould be devoted to

religion.

religion. I know well, that nothing is ſo unfaſhionable as for a huſband and wife to be often together; that it is beneath a fine lady to give attention to domeſtic œconomy, or to demean herſelf ſo far as to conſider ſervants to be of the ſame ſpecies with their miſtreſſes; and that going to church is fit only for fools and old women. But though I do not recommend the above, or the like practices, on their own account, and in ſo far muſt differ from the philoſophical gentlemen I have referred to; yet, I think, what they recommend ought to be attended to, for the good effects it may have on female beauty. Though I am aware, that every fine lady is apt, like *Lady Townly*, to faint at the very deſcription of the pleaſures of the *country*; yet ſhe ought to be induced to ſpend ſome of her time there, even though it ſhould be her huſband's principal place of reſidence; becauſe the tranquillity, and freſh air of the country, may repair ſome of the devaſtations which a winter campaign in town may have made upon her cheeks. Though I know alſo, that ſpending Sunday like a good Chriſtian is the moſt tireſome and unfaſhionable of all things; yet, perhaps, ſome obſervance of the Sabbath, and a little regularity on that day, by going to church, and getting early to bed, may ſmooth thoſe

wrinkles

wrinkles which the late hours of the other ſex are apt to produce: and though œconomy, or attention to a huſband's affairs, is, I allow, a mean and vulgar thing in itſelf; yet, poſſibly, it ſhould be ſo far attended to as to prevent that huſband's total ruin; becauſe duns, and the other impertinent concomitants of bankruptcy, are apt, from the trouble they occaſion, to ſpoil a fine face before its time. In like manner, though I grant it is below a fine lady to cultivate the qualities of *ſweetneſs*, *mildneſs*, *humility*, *tenderneſs*, or *good-nature*, becauſe ſhe is taught that it is her duty to do ſo; I would, nevertheleſs, humbly propoſe to the ladies, to be good-humoured, to be mild to their domeſtics, nay, to be complaiſant even to their huſbands; becauſe good-humour, mildneſs, and complaiſance, are good for their faces. Attention to theſe qualities, I am inclined to believe, will do more for their beauty, than the fineſt paint the moſt ſkilfully laid on: the culture of them will give a higher luſtre to their complexion, without any danger of this colouring being rubbed off, or the natural fineneſs of the ſkin being hurt by its uſe.

Let every lady, therefore, conſider, that whenever ſhe ſays or does a good-humoured thing, ſhe adds a new beauty to her countenance;

nance; that by giving some attention to the affairs of her family, and now and then living regularly, and abstaining from the late hours of dissipation, she will keep off, somewhat longer than otherwise, the wrinkles of age; and I would hope the *prescription* I have given may, amidst the more important cares of pleasure, appear deserving of her attention.

This prescription must, from its nature, be confined to the ladies, beauty in perfection being their prerogative. To recommend *virtue* to our *fine gentlemen*, because *vice* may hurt their shapes, or spoil their faces, might appear somewhat like irony, which, on so serious a subject, I would wish to avoid. Some considerations may, however, be suggested, why even a *fine gentleman* may find his account in an occasional practice of virtue, without derogating from the dignity of that character which it costs him so much labour to attain; and these may perhaps be the subject of a future paper.

S

N° 4. SATURDAY, *February* 6, 1779.

Meliora pii docuere parentes. HOR.

THE following letter I received from an unknown correſpondent. The ſubject of it is ſo important, that I ſhall probably take ſome future opportunity of giving my ſentiments on it to the Public: in the mean time I am perſuaded it will afford matter of much ſerious conſideration to many of my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-five I ſucceeded to an eſtate of 1500*l.* a-year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whoſe memory I ſtill retain the moſt ſincere regard. Not long after I married a lady, to whom I had for ſome time been warmly attached. As neither of us were fond of the buſtle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irkſome, we took the reſolution of quitting it altogether; and ſoon after retired to a family-ſeat, which has been the favourite reſidence of my anceſtors for many ſucceſſive generations.

There

There I passed my days in as perfect happiness as any reasonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and esteem for my wife increased daily; and as she brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amusement. There were, likewise, in our neighbourhood several families that might have adorned any society, with whom we lived on an easy, friendly footing, free from the restraints of ceremony, which, in the great world, may, perhaps, be necessary, but, in private life, are the bane of all social intercourse.

There is no state, however, entirely free from care and uneasiness. My solicitude about my children increased with their years. My boys, in particular, gave me a thousand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were proposed for them, of which the advantages and disadvantages were so equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one a matter of no small perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up; and the eldest, who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his services in parliament, and an assiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very considerable office under government, honoured us with a visit. He seemed much

pleased

pleaſed with the looks, the ſpirit, and promiſing appearance of my ſons; he paid me many compliments on the occaſion, and I liſtened to him with all the pleaſure a fond parent feels in hearing the praiſes of his children.

After he had been ſome days with us, he aſked me in what manner I propoſed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their eſtabliſhment in the world? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the abſurdity of the old-faſhioned ſyſtem of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of ſending a boy to Eton or Weſtminſter, to waſte the moſt precious years of his life in acquiring languages of little or no real uſe in the world; and begged leave to ſuggeſt a plan, which, he ſaid, had been attended with the greateſt ſucceſs in a variety of inſtances that had fallen within his own particular knowlege.

His ſcheme was to ſend my ſons for two or three years to a private ſchool in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which, he obſerved, would be alone ſufficient to diſappoint all hopes of their future advancement. He propoſed to ſend them afterwards to an academy at Paris, to acquire the French language, with every other accompliſhment neceſſary to fit

them for the world. "When your eldeſt ſon," added he, "is thus qualified, it will be eaſy for me to get him appointed ſecretary to an embaſſy; and if he ſhall then poſſeſs thoſe abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I ſhall be able to procure him a ſeat in parliament; and there will be no office in the ſtate to which he may not aſpire. As to your ſecond ſon, give him the ſame education you give his brother; and, when he is of a proper age, get him a commiſſion in the army, and puſh him on in that line as faſt as poſſible."

Though I ſaw ſome objections to this ſcheme, yet, I muſt confeſs, the flattering proſpect of ambition it opened, had a conſiderable effect upon my mind; and as my wife, who had been taught to receive the opinions of her kinſman with the utmoſt deference, warmly ſeconded his propoſal, I at length, though not without reluctance, gave my aſſent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavoured to conceal, and which I need not now attempt to deſcribe.

I had the ſatisfaction to receive, from time to time, the moſt pleaſing accounts of their progreſs; and, after they went to Paris, I was

ſtill more and more flattered with what I heard of their improvement.

At length the wiſhed-for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that, by a certain day, we might expect to ſee them at home. We were all impatience: my daughter, in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly ſhut her eyes the night preceding the day on which her brothers were expected: her mother and I, though we ſhewed it leſs, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been conſtantly on the look-out, ran to tell me ſhe ſaw a poſt-chaiſe driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But, judge of my aſtoniſhment, when I ſaw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dreſs and looks reſembling monkies rather than human creatures. What was ſtill worſe, their manners were more diſpleaſing than their appearance. When my daughter ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him, and burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter at ſomething in her dreſs that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by his younger brother, who was pleaſed, however, to ſay, that the girl was not ill-looking, and, when taught to put on

her clothes, and to uſe a little *rouge*, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great meaſure, to the levity of youth; and I ſtill flattered myſelf that matters were not ſo bad as they appeared to be. In theſe hopes I ſat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means, tend to leſſen my chagrin: There was nothing at table they could eat; they ran out in praiſe of French cookery, and ſeemed even to be adepts in the ſcience; they knew the component ingredients of the moſt faſhionable *ragoos* and *fricandeaus*, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the moſt celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To ſtop this inundation of abſurdity, and, at the ſame time, to try the boys further, I introduced ſome topics of converſation, on which they ought to have been able to ſay ſomething. But, on theſe ſubjects, they were perfectly mute; and I could plainly ſee their ſilence did not proceed from the modeſty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the moſt perfect and profound ignorance. They ſoon, however, took their revenge for the reſtraint thus impoſed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things, which, to the reſt of the company,

were altogether unintelligible. After ſome converſation, the drift of which we could not diſcover, they got into a keen debate on the comparative merit of the *Dos de Puce*, and the *Puce en Gouches*; and, in the courſe of their argument, uſed words and phraſes which to us were equally incomprehenſible as the ſubject on which they were employed. Not long after my poor girl was covered with confuſion, on her brother's aſking her, If ſhe did not think the *Cuiſſe de la Reine* the prettieſt thing in the world?

But, Sir, I ſhould be happy, were I able to ſay, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am ſorry to add, that my young men ſeem to have made an equal progreſs in vice. It was but the other day I happened to obſerve to the eldeſt, that it made me uneaſy to ſee his brother look ſo very ill; to which he replied, with an air of the moſt eaſy indifference, that poor *Charles* had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an Opera-girl at Paris; but, for my part, added he, I never ran thoſe hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of faſhion.

In ſhort, Sir, theſe unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a courſe of premature debauchery. I can eaſily ſee that I do not poſſeſs

poſſeſs either their confidence or affection; and they even ſeem to deſpiſe me for the want of thoſe frivolous accompliſhments on which they value themſelves ſo highly. In this ſituation, what is to be done? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of liſtening to reaſon or advice; and to uſe the authority of a parent, would, probably, be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleaſant.

I have thus, Sir, laid my caſe before you, in hopes of being favoured with your ſentiments upon it. Poſſibly it may be of ſome benefit to the public, by ſerving as a beacon to others in ſimilar circumſtances. As to myſelf, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will ſhorten the days of

Your unfortunate humble ſervant,

R L. G.

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

VITREUS's *favours have been received, and ſhall be duly attended to.*

A Letter ſigned A. Z. *and an Eſſay ſubſcribed* D. *are under conſideration.*

On Wedneſday next (Tueſday being appointed for the day of the National Faſt) will be publiſhed N° 5.

N° 5. WEDNESDAY, *February* 10, 1779.

PEDANTRY, in the common ſenſe of the word, means an abſurd oſtentation of learning, and ſtiffneſs of phraſeology, proceeding from a miſguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its ſignification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing, which diſpoſes a perſon to obtrude upon others ſubjects of converſation relating to his own buſineſs, ſtudies, or amuſement.

In this ſenſe of the phraſe, we ſhould find *pedants* in every character and condition of life. Inſtead of a black coat and plain ſhirt, we ſhould often ſee pedantry appear in an embroidered ſuit and Bruſſels lace; inſtead of being bedaubed with ſnuff, we ſhould find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloiſters of an univerſity, we ſhould mark it in the ſtate of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daiſey, Eſq; is a pedant of this laſt kind. When he tells you that his ruffles coſt twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the firſt of the kind, made by one of the moſt eminent

eminent artiſts in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of thoſe worn by the *Comte de Artois*; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has ſet the faſhion to half a dozen of the fineſt fellows in town: when he deſcants on all theſe particulars, with that ſmile of ſelf-complacency which ſits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verſes from Pindar, tells ſtories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Daiſey is ſtruck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir *Thomas*, whoſe pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young Baronet is juſt returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of muſick, he cuts you ſhort with the hiſtory of the firſt ſinger at *Naples*; of painting, he runs you down with a deſcription of the gallery at *Florence*; of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimenſions of St. *Peter*'s, or the great church at *Antwerp*; or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he inſtantly deluges you with the *Rhine*, or makes you dizzy with the height of *Etna*, or *Mont Blanc*.

Miſs will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when ſhe talks all the time of dinner on the compoſition of the pudding, or the ſeaſoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a diſquiſition on the figure of the damaſk table-cloth, with a word or two on the thriſt of making one's own linen: But the young lady will be ſurpriſed when I inform her, that her own hiſtory of laſt Thurſday's aſſembly, with the epiſode of Lady Di's feather, and the digreſſion to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dreſſer, was alſo a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs. *Caudle* is guilty of the ſame weakneſs, when ſhe recounts the numberleſs witticiſms of her daughter *Emmy*, deſcribes the droll figure her little *Bill* made yeſterday at trying on his firſt pair of breeches, and informs us, that *Bobby* has got ſeven teeth, and is juſt cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wedneſday at ſix o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry leſs diſguſting, when ſhe proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her huſband; though this laſt ſpecies is ſo uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into converſation for the ſake of variety.

Muckworm is the meaneſt of pedants, when he tells you of the ſcarcity of money at preſent, and

and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that, for his part, though he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command caſh for his occaſions; that trade is ſo dead, and debts ſo ill paid at preſent, that he was obliged to ſell ſome ſhares of bank ſtock to make up the price of his laſt purchaſe; and had actually countermanded a ſervice of plate, elſe he ſhould have been obliged to ſtrike ſeveral names out of the liſt of his weekly penſioners; and that this apology was ſuſtained t'other day by the noble company (giving you a liſt of three or four peers, and their families) who did him the honour to eat a bit of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is alſo another anecdote, which *Muckworm* forgot to mention: His firſt couſin dined that day with the ſervants, who took compaſſion on the lad, after he had been turned down ſtairs, with a refuſal of twenty pounds to ſet him up in the trade of a ſhoemaker.

There is pedantry in every diſquiſition, however maſterly it may be, that ſtops the general converſation of the company. When *Silius* delivers that ſort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is ſupported by the moſt extenſive information and the cleareſt diſcernment, it is ſtill pedantry; and, while I admire the

talents of *Silius*, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them. In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night, after supper, *Silius* began upon *Protestantism*, proceeded to the *Irish massacre*, went through the *Revolution*, drew the character of King *William*, repeated anecdotes of *Schomberg*, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the *Boyne*, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white sattin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is *Pedantry*, which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good-humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of pease or strawberries which some friend had sent him for a rarity in the beginning of the season. Now, *Conversation* is one of those good things of which our guests or companions are equally intitled to a share, as of any other constituent part of the entertainment; and it is as essential a want of politeness to engross the one, as to monopolize the other.

Besides,

Beſides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own diſcourſe, or the rate at which the diſpoſitions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the ſtories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteneſs or their humour. It will be prudent therefore, to conſider, that the diſh we bring to this entertainment, however pleaſing to our own taſte, may prove but moderately palatable to thoſe we mean to treat with it; and that, to every man, as well as ourſelves (except a few very humble ones), his own converſation is the *plate of peaſe or ſtrawberies*.

V

N° 6. SATURDAY, *February* 13, 1779.

Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret iratum mare;
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina. HOR.

GREAT talents are usually attended with a proportional desire of exerting them; and, indeed, were it otherwise, they would be, in a great measure, useless to those who possess them, as well as to society.

But, while this disposition generally leads men of high parts and high spirit to take a share in active life, by engaging in the pursuits of business or ambition, there are, amidst the variety of human character, some instances, in which persons eminently possessed of those qualities give way to a contrary disposition.

A man of an aspiring mind and nice sensibility may, from a wrong direction, or a romantic excess of spirit, find it difficult to submit to the ordinary pursuits of life. Filled with enthusiastic ideas of the glory of a general, a senator, or a statesman, he may look with indifference, or even with disgust, on the less brilliant, though, perhaps, not less useful occupations,

occupations, of the phyſician, the lawyer, or the trader.

My friend Mr. *Umphraville* is a remarkable inſtance of great talents thus loſt to himſelf and to ſociety. The ſingular opinions which have influenced his conduct, I have often heard him attempt, with great warmth, to defend.

" In the purſuit of an ordinary profeſſion," would he ſay, " a man of ſpirit and ſenſibility, " while he is ſubjected to diſguſting occupa- " tions, finds it neceſſary to ſubmit with pa- " tience, nay, often with the appearance of " ſatisfaction, to what he will be apt to eſteem " dulneſs, folly, or impertinence, in thoſe " from whoſe countenance, or opinion, he " hopes to derive ſucceſs; and, while he " pines in ſecret at ſo irkſome a ſituation, per- " haps, amidſt the crowds with whom he con- " verſes, he may not find a friend to whom he " can communicate his ſorrows.

" If, on the other hand," he would add, " he betakes himſelf to retirement, it is true, " he cannot hope for an opportunity of per- " forming ſplendid actions, or of gratifying a " paſſion for glory; but if he attain not all " that he wiſhes, he avoids much of what he " hates. Within a certain range he will be " maſter of his occupations and his company; " his books will, in part, ſupply the want of

" ſociety; and, in contemplation at leaſt, he " may often enjoy thoſe pleaſures from which " fortune has precluded him.

" If the country, as will generally happen, " be the place of his retirement, it will afford " a variety of objects agreeable to his temper. " In the proſpect of a lofty mountain, an ex- " tenſive plain, or the unbounded ocean, he " may gratify his taſte for the ſublime; while " the lonely vale, the hollow bank, or the " ſhady wood, will preſent him a retreat ſuited " to the thoughtfulneſs of his diſpoſition."

Such are the ſentiments which have formed the character of Mr. *Umphraville*, which have regulated the choice and tenor of his life.

His father, a man of generoſity and expence beyond his fortune, though that had once been conſiderable, left him at the age of twenty-five, full of the high ſentiments natural, at theſe years, to a young gentleman brought up as the heir of an ancient family, and a large eſtate, with a very inconſiderable income to ſupport them; for though the remaining part of the family-fortune ſtill afforded him a rent-roll of 1000 *l.* a-year, his clear revenue could ſcarcely be eſtimated at 300 *l.*

Mr. *Umphraville*, though he wanted not a reliſh for polite company and elegant amuſements, was more diſtinguiſhed for an ardent

desire of knowledge; in consequence of which he had made an uncommon progress in several branches of science. The classical writers of ancient and modern times, but especially the former, were those from whose works he felt the highest pleasure; yet he had, among other branches of learning, obtained a considerable knowledge of jurisprudence, and was a tolerable proficient in mathematics.

On these last circumstances his friends founded their hopes of his rising in the world. One part of them argued, from the progress he had made in jurisprudence, that he would prove an excellent lawyer; the other, that his turn for mathematics would be an useful qualification in a military life; and all agreed in the necessity of his following some profession in which he might have an opportunity of repairing his fortune.

Mr. *Umphraville*, however, had very different sentiments. Though he had studied the science of jurisprudence with pleasure, and would not have declined the application of its principles, as a member of the legislature, he felt no great inclination to load his memory with the rules of our municipal law, or to occupy himself in applying them to the uninteresting disputes of individuals; and, though he neither wanted a taste for the art, nor a passion for the glory of a soldier, he was full as

as little disposed to carry a pair of colours at a review, or to line the streets in a procession. Nor were his objections to other plans of bettering his fortune, either at home or abroad, less unsurmountable.

In short, after deliberating on the propositions of his friends, and comparing them with his own feelings, Mr. *Umphraville* concluded, that, as he could not enter into the world in a way suited to his inclination and temper, the quiet and retirement of a country-life, though with a narrow fortune, would be more conducive to his happiness, than the pursuit of occupations to which he felt an aversion, even should they be attended with a greater degree of success than, from that circumstance, he judged to be probable.

Agreeably to this opinion he took his resolution; and, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends, retired, a few months after his father's death, to his estate in the country, where he has lived upwards of forty years; his family, since the death of his mother, a lady of uncommon sense and virtue, who survived her husband some time, having consisted only of himself, and an unmarried sister, of a disposition similar to his own.

Neither his circumstances nor inclination led Mr. *Umphraville* to partake much of the jollity of

of his neighbours. His farm has never exceeded what he found abſolutely neceſſary for the convenience of his little family; and though he employed himſelf for a few years in extending his plantations over the neighbouring grounds, even that branch of induſtry he ſoon laid aſide, from a habit of indolence, which has daily grown upon him; and ſince it has been dropped, his books, and ſometimes his gun, with the converſation of his ſiſter, and a few friends, who now and then viſit him, entirely occupy his time.

In this ſituation, Mr. *Umphraville* has naturally contracted ſeveral peculiarities, both of manner and opinion. They are, however, of a kind which neither leſſen the original politeneſs of the one, nor weaken the natural force and ſpirit of the other. In a word, though he has contracted ruſt, it is the ruſt of a great mind, which, while it throws a certain melancholy reverence around its poſſeſſor, rather enhances than detracts from the native beauty and dignity of his character.

Theſe particulars will ſuffice for introducing this gentleman to my readers; and I may afterwards take occaſion to gratify ſuch of them as wiſh to know ſomewhat more of a life and opinions with which I have long been intimately acquainted.

N° 7. Tuesday, *February* 16, 1779.

Indocilis privata loqui. Luc.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Sir,

I AM a ſort of retainer to the muſes; and, though I cannot boaſt of much familiarity with themſelves, hold a ſubordinate intimacy with ſeveral branches of their family. I never made verſes, but I can repeat ſeveral thouſands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of *enigmas*; and I have given many good hints towards the compoſition of ſome favourite *rebuſes* and *charades*. I have alſo a very competent ſhare of claſſical learning; I can conſtrue Latin when there is an Engliſh verſion on the oppoſite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I ſpeak a little French, and can make ſhift to underſtand the ſubject of an Italian opera.

With theſe qualifications, Sir, I am held in conſiderable eſtimation by the wits of both ſexes. I am ſometimes allowed to clap firſt at a play, and pronounce a firm *encore* after a faſhionable ſong. I am conſulted by ſeveral ladies

ladies before they ſtick their pin into the catalogue of the *circulating library*; and have tranſlated to ſome polite companies all the mottoes of your paper, except the laſt, which, being ſomewhat crabbed, I did not chuſe to riſk my credit by attempting. I have at laſt ventured to put myſelf into print in the MIRROR; and ſend you information of a ſcheme I have formed for making my talents ſerviceable to the republic of letters.

Every one muſt have obſerved the utility of a proper ſelection of *names* to a play or a novel. The bare ſounds of *Monimia* or *Imoinda* ſet a tender-hearted young lady a-crying; and a letter from *Edward* to *Maria* contains a ſentiment in the very title.

Were I to illuſtrate this by an appoſite example, as ſchoolmaſters give exerciſes of bad Latin, the truth of my aſſertion would appear in a ſtill ſtronger light.

Suppoſe, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic ſtory of the diſaſtrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the firſt of whom was called *Gubbins*, and the latter *Gubbleſtones*, two very reſpectable names in ſome parts of our neighbour-country. The *Gubbinſes*, from an ancient family-feud, had a mortal antipathy at the *Gubbleſtones*; this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the

the heir of the laſt to the heireſs of the former; an attachment begun by accident, increaſed by acquaintance, and nouriſhed by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old *Gubbins* having intercepted a letter from young *Gubbleſtones*, breathed the moſt horrid denunciations of vengeance againſt his daughter, if ever he ſhould diſcover the ſmalleſt intercourſe between her and the ſon of his enemy; and further, effectually to ſeclude any chance of an union with ſo hated a name, he inſtantly propoſed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr. *Clutterbuck*, who had ſeen her at a ball, and was deeply ſmitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, *Gubbleſtones* grew almoſt frantic with grief and deſpair. Wandering round the houſe where his loved *Gubbins* was confined, he chanced to meet Mr. *Clutterbuck* haſtening to an interview with his deſtined bride. Stung with jealouſy and rage, reckleſs of life, and regardleſs of the remonſtrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with deſperate fury. Both ſwords were ſheathed at once in the breaſts of the combatants. *Clutterbuck* died on the ſpot: His antagoniſt lived but to be carried to the houſe of his implacable enemy, and breathed his laſt at

the

the feet of his miſtreſs. The dying words of *Gubbleſtones*, the ſucceeding phrenzy and death of *Gubbins*, the relenting ſorrow of their parents, with a deſcription of the tomb in which *Gubbins*, *Gubbleſtones*, and *Clutterbuck*, were laid, finiſh the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the higheſt degree of melancholy and diſtreſs, were it not for the unfortunate ſounds which compoſe the *names* of the actors in this eventful ſtory; yet theſe names, Mr. MIRROR, are really and truly right Engliſh ſurnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as thoſe of *Mordaunt*, *Montague*, or *Howard*.

Nor is it only in the ſublime or the pathetic that a happy choice of names is eſſential to good writing. *Comedy* is ſo much beholden to this article, that I have known ſome with ſcarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. Every other ſpecies of writing, in which humour or character is to be perſonified, is in the ſame predicament, and depends for great part of its applauſe on the knack of hitting off a lucky alluſion from the name to the perſon. Your brother eſſayiſts have been particularly indebted to this invention, for ſupplying them with a very neceſſary material in the conſtruction of their papers. In the Spectator, I find, from

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an examination of my notes on this ſubject, there are 532 names of characters and correſpondents, 394 of which are deſcriptive and characteriſtic.

Having thus ſhewn the importance of the art of *name-making*, I proceed to inform you of my plan for aſſiſting authors in this particular, and ſaving them that expence of time and ſtudy which the invention of names proper for different purpoſes muſt occaſion.

I have, from a long courſe of uſeful and extenſive reading, joined to an uncommon ſtrength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all ſorts of ſubjects, pathetic, ſentimental, ſerious, ſatirical, or merry. For novelliſts, I have made a collection of the beſt-ſounding Engliſh, or Engliſh-like, French, or French-like names; I ſay, the beſt-ſounding, ſound being the only thing neceſſary in that department. For comic writers, and eſſayiſts of your tribe, Sir, I have made up, from the works of former authors, as well as from my own invention, a liſt of names, with the characters or ſubjects to which they allude prefixed. A learned friend has furniſhed me with a parcel of ſignatures for political, philoſophical, and religious eſſayiſts in the newſpapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-ſix compounds beginning

ginning with *philo*, which are all from four to ſeven ſyllables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country-readers.

For the uſe of ſerious poetry, I have a ſet of names, tragic, elegiac, paſtoral, and legendary; for ſongs, ſatires, and epigrams, I have a parcel properly correſponding to thoſe departments. A column is ſubjoined ſhewing the number of feet whereof they conſiſt, that being a requiſite chiefly to be attended to, in names deſtined for the purpoſes of poetry. Some of them, indeed, are ſo happily contrived, that, by means of an eaſy and natural contraction, they can be ſhortened or lengthened (like a pocket-teleſcope), according to the ſtructure of the line in which they are to be introduced; others, by the aſſiſtance of proper interjections, are ready made into ſmooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely uſeful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

All theſe, Sir, the fruits of ſeveral years labour and induſtry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate conſideration, to authors, or other perſons whom they may ſuit. Be pleaſed, therefore, to inform your correſpondents, that, by applying to your publiſher, they may be informed, in the language of Falſtaffe,

ſtaffe, "*where a commodity of good names is to* "*be bought.*" As for your own particular, Sir, I am ready to attend you *gratis*, at any time you may ſtand in need of my aſſiſtance; or you may write out your papers blank, and ſend them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours, &c.

NOMENCLATOR.

V

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor has to return thanks to numberleſs Correſpondents for their favours lately received; he begs leave, at the ſame time, to acquaint them, that, as many inconveniencies would ariſe from a particular acknowledgment of every letter, he muſt henceforward be excuſed from making it; they may, however, reſt aſſured of the ſtricteſt attention and impartiality in regard to their communications.—As to the inſertion of papers ſent him, he will be allowed to ſuggeſt, that, from the nature of his publication, the acceptance or refuſal of an eſſay is no criterion of its merit,

nor

nor of the opinion in which it is held by the Editor. A performance may be improper for the Mirror, *as often on account of its rising above, as of its falling below, the level of such a work, which is peculiarly circumscribed, not only in its subjects, but in the manner of treating them. The same circumstance will often render it necessary to alter or abridge the productions of Correspondents; a liberty for which the Editor hopes their indulgence, and which he will use with the utmost caution.*

N° 8. SATURDAY, *February* 20, 1779.

Inſpicere tanquam in ſpeculum
Vitas omnium jubeo. TER.

IT was with regret that the Editor found himſelf under the neceſſity of abridging the following letter, communicated by an unknown Correſpondent.

To the EDITOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS I was walking one afternoon, about thirty years ago, by the Egyptian ſide of the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, I accidentally met with a Derviſe. How we forthwith commenced acquaintance; how I went with him to his hermitage; how our acquaintance improved into intimacy, and our intimacy into friendſhip; how we converſed about every thing, both in heaven above, and in the earth beneath; how the Derviſe fell ſick, and how I, having ſome ſkill in medicine, adminiſtered to his recovery; how this ſtrengthened his former regard by the additional tie of gratitude; how, after a ſpace, I tired of walking by the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, and fancied I ſhould walk

walk with more security and satisfaction by the side of *Forth*; are circumstances, that, after you shall be more interested in my life and conversation, I may venture to lay before you.

In the meanwhile, suffice it to say, that my parting with the Dervise was very tender; and that, as a memorial of his friendship, he presented me with a Mirror. I confess frankly, that, considering the poverty of my friend, and his unaffected manner of offering it, I supposed his present of little intrinsic value. Yet, looking at it, and wishing to seem as sensible of its worth as possible, "This," said I, "may be a very useful Mirror. As it is of a "convenient size, I may carry it in my pocket; "and, if I should happen to be in a public "company, it may enable me to wipe from "my face any accidental dust, or to adjust "the posture of my periwig." For, Sir, at that time, in order to command some respect among the Muffulmen, I wore a periwig of three tails.

"That Mirror," said the Dervise, looking at me with great earnestness, "is of higher "value than you suppose: And of this, by "the following account of its nature and "uses, I am sure you will be fully satisfied. "Of Mirrors, some are convex, and repre-"sent their object of a size considerably dimi-

" niſhed: Accordingly, the images they diſ-
" play are extremely beautiful. A company
" of people repreſented by this Mirror ſhall
" appear without ſpot or blemiſh, like a com-
" pany of lovely Sylphs. Now, my good
" Chriſtian friend, mine is not a convex Mir-
" ror. Neither is it concave: For concave
" Mirrors have juſt an oppoſite effect; and,
" by enlarging the object they repreſent, would
" render even the *Houri* in Paradiſe as hideous
" as the Witch of Endor, or a Pagan Fury.
" In ſhort, it is a good plain Mirror, intend-
" ed to repreſent things juſt as they are, but
" with properties and varieties not to be met
" with in common glaſs."

" Whenever," continued he, " you enter-
" tain any doubt concerning the propriety of
" your conduct, or have apprehenſions that
" your motives are not exactly what you
" conceive, or wiſh them to be, I adviſe you
" forthwith to conſult the Mirror. You will
" there ſee yourſelf without diſguiſe; and be
" enabled, not merely to wipe from your face
" any accidental duſt, or to adjuſt your peri-
" wig of three tails, but to rectify your con-
" duct, and adjuſt your deportment." In truth, Sir, I have made this experiment, according to the direction of the Derviſe, ſo often, and with ſuch ſmall ſatisfaction to myſelf,

ſelf, that I am heartily ſick of it. I have conſulted my Mirror in the act of giving alms, expecting, no doubt, to ſee myſelf characterſed with the ſofteſt compaſſion, and, behold! I was ſwollen and bloated with oſtentation. Glowing with indignation, as I conceived, againſt the vices of mankind, and their blindneſs to real merit, I have looked in the Mirror, and ſeen the redneſs of Anger, the fluſhings of diſappointed Ambition. Very lately, a friend of mine read me an eſſay he had written; he ſeemed to me ſomewhat conſcious of its merit: he expected, and was intitled to ſome applauſe; but, ſaid I to myſelf, "I will "adminiſter to no man's vanity, nor expoſe "my friend by encouraging his ſelf-conceit;" and ſo obſerved an obſtinate unyielding ſilence. I looked in the Mirror, and am aſhamed to tell you my motive was not ſo pure.

But, inſtead of expoſing my own infirmities, I will, in perfect conſiſtency with ſome of the moſt powerful principles in our nature, and in a manner much leſs exceptionable to myſelf, explain the properties of my Mirror, by the views it gives me of other men.

"Whenever," continued the Derviſe, "you "have any doubt concerning the conduct of "another perſon, take an opportunity, and, "when he is leaſt aware, catch a copy of his

"face in your Mirror." It would do your heart good, Sir, if you delight in that ſpecies of moral criticiſm which ſome people denominate ſcandal, to ſee the diſcoveries I have made. Many a grave phyſician have I ſeen laying his head to one ſide, fixing his ſolemn eye on the far corner of a room, or poring with ſteady gaze on his watch, and ſeeming to count the beats of his patient's pulſe, when, in fact, he was numbering in his own mind the guineas accruing from his circle of morning viſits, or ſtudying what fine ſpeech he ſhould make to my Lady Ducheſs; or, if patient were a fair patient—But here I would look no longer.

I have often carried my Mirror to church; and, ſitting in a ſnug corner, have catched the flaming orator of the pulpit in many a rare grimace, and expreſſive geſture; expreſſive, not of humility, but of pride; not of any deſire to communicate inſtruction, but to procure applauſe; not to explain the goſpel, but to exhibit the preacher.

"This Mirror," ſaid the Muſſulman, continuing his valedictory ſpeech, "will not only "diſplay your acquaintance as they really are, "but as they wiſh to be: And for this pur- "poſe," ſhewing me the way, "you have on- "ly to hold it in a particular poſition." From this

this uſe of the Mirror, holding it as the Derviſe deſired me, I confeſs I have received ſpecial amuſement. How many perſons hideouſly deformed have appeared moſt divinely beautiful; how many dull fellows have become amazingly clever; how many ſhrivelled cheeks have ſuddenly claimed a youthful bloom! Yet, I muſt confeſs, how ſurpriſing ſoever the confeſſion may appear, that I have found mankind, in general, very well ſatisfied with their talents: and, as far as regards moral and religious improvement, I recollect very few inſtances of perſons who wiſhed for changes in their preſent condition. On the contrary, I have met with other examples; and have ſeen perſons not a little ſolicitous to acquire the eaſy uſe of ſome faſhionable impieties and immoralities. I have ſeen delicate females, to ſay nothing of dainty gentlemen, wiſhing to forget their catechiſm; ſtriving to overcome their reluctance, and meditating in their own minds the utterance of ſome faſhionable piece of raillery againſt religion; yet, like the Amen of Macbeth, I have often ſeen it ſtick in their throat.

"But," continued the Derviſe, "if you "hold this Mirror in a fit poſture, it will not "only ſhow you men as they *are*, or as they "*wiſh* to be, but with the talents of which

" they reckon themſelves actually poſſeſſed; " and in that very *character or ſituation* which " they hold moſt ſuited to their abilities." Now this property of the Muſſulman's Mirror has given me more amuſement than any other. By this means I have ſeen a whole company undergo inſtantaneous and ſtrange transformation. I have ſeen the unwieldy burgeſs changed into a ſlender gentleman; the deep philoſopher become a man of the world; the laborious merchant converted into a fox-hunter; the mechanic's wife in the guiſe of a Counteſs; and the pert ſcrivener become a cropped Enſign. I have ſeen thoſe grave perſonages, whom you may obſerve daily iſſuing from their alleys at noon with white wigs, black coats buttoned and inclined to gray, with a cane in one hand, and the other ſtationed at their ſide-pocket, beating the ſtreets for political intelligence, and diving afterwards into their native lanes, or riſing in a coffee-houſe in the full dignity of a ſpectacled noſe; I have ſeen them moving in my Mirror in the ſhape of ſtateſmen, miniſters at foreign courts, chancellors of England, judges, juſtices of the peace, or chief magiſtrates in electing boroughs.

Now, Sir, as you have engaged in the important buſineſs of inſtructing the Public, I reckon you a much fitter perſon than me to be poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of this precious Mirror. By theſe preſents, therefore, along with a paper of directions, I conſign it into your hands. All that I demand of you in return, is to uſe this extraordinary gift in a proper and becoming manner; for, like every other excellent gift, it is liable to be miſuſed. Therefore be circumſpect; nor let any perſon ſay of you, that you make uſe of a falſe glaſs, or that the reflection is not juſt, or that the repreſentation is partial; or, *laſtly*, that it exhibits broken, diſtorted, or unnatural images. In full confidence that it will be an inſtrument in your hands for the moſt uſeful purpoſes, I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant,

VITREUS.

N° 9. TUESDAY, *February* 23, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME weeks ago I was called from my retreat in the country, where I have paſſed the laſt twenty years in the enjoyment of eaſe and tranquillity, by an important family concern, which made it neceſſary for me to come to town.

Laſt Thurſday I was ſolicited by an old friend to accompany him to the *Playhouſe*, to ſee the tragedy of *King Lear*; and, by way of inducement, he told me, the part of *Lear* was to be performed by an actor who had ſtudied the character under the *Engliſh Roſcius*, and was ſuppoſed to play it ſomewhat in the manner of that great maſter. As the theatre had always been my favourite amuſement, I did not long withſtand the entreaties of my friend; and when I reflected that Mr. *Garrick* was now gone to "that undiſcovered country, "from whoſe bourn no traveller returns," I felt a ſort of tender deſire to ſee even a copy of that *great original*, from whoſe performances I had often, in the earlier part of my life, received ſuch exquiſite pleaſure.

As

As we underſtood the houſe was to be crowded, we went at an early hour, and ſeated ourſelves in the middle of the *pit*, ſo as not only to ſee the play to advantage, but alſo to have a full view of the audience, which, I have often thought, is not the leaſt pleaſing part of a public entertainment. When the boxes began to fill, I felt a ſecret ſatisfaction in contemplating the beauties of the preſent times, and amuſed myſelf with tracing in the daughters, thoſe features which, in the mothers and grandmothers, had charmed me ſo often.

My friend pointed out to me, in different parts of the houſe, ſome of the reigning toaſts of *our* times, but ſo changed, that, without his aſſiſtance, I never ſhould have been able to find them out. I looked in vain for that form, that complexion, and thoſe numberleſs graces, on which I had been accuſtomed to gaze with admiration. But this change was not more remarkable, than the effect it had upon the beholders; and I could not help thinking the ſilent neglect with which thoſe once celebrated beauties were now treated, by much too ſevere a puniſhment for that pride and haughtineſs they had formerly aſſumed.

Whilſt I was amuſing myſelf in this manner, I obſerved, that ſome of the *upper boxes*

were filled with ladies, whose appearance soon convinced me that they were of an order of females more desirous of being distinguished for beauty than for virtue. I could not refrain from expressing some disgust at seeing those unfortunate creatures sitting thus openly mingled with women of the first rank and fashion. "Poh!" said my friend, "that is thought "nothing of now-a-days; and every body "seems to be of the same opinion with the ce-"lebrated Countess of *Dorchester*, mistress of "King James II. who having seated herself on "the same bench with a lady of rigid virtue, "the other immediately shrunk back, which "the Countess observing, said with a smile, "Don't be afraid, Madam; gallantry is not "catching."

As I was going to reprove my friend for talking with such levity of a matter that seemed to be of so serious a nature, the curtain drew up, and the play began. It is not my design, Sir, to trouble you with any remarks on the performance; the purpose of this letter is to request of you to take some notice of a species of indecorum, that appeared altogether new to me, and which, I confess, it hurt me to observe.

Before the end of the first act, a number of young men came in, and took their places in the

the upper boxes, amidſt thoſe unhappy females I have already mentioned. I concluded that theſe perſons were as deſtitute of any pretenſion to birth and faſhion, as they were void of decency of manners; but I was equally ſurpriſed and mortified to find, that many of them were of the firſt families of the kingdom. You, Sir, who have lived in the world, and ſeen the gradual and almoſt imperceptible progreſs of manners, will not, perhaps, be able to judge of my aſtoniſhment, when I beheld theſe very gentlemen quit their ſeats, and come down to pay their reſpects to the ladies in the *lower boxes*. The groſs impropriety of this behaviour raiſed in me a degree of indignation which I could not, without difficulty, reſtrain. I comforted myſelf, however, with the hopes, that thoſe unthinking youths would meet with ſuch a reception from the women of honour, as would effectually check this indecency; but I am ſorry to add, that I could not diſcern, either in their looks or manner, thoſe marks of diſapprobation which I had made my account with perceiving. Both the old and the young, the mothers and the daughters, ſeemed rather pleaſed when theſe young men of rank and fortune approached them. I am perſuaded, at the ſame time, that were they to think but for a moment of the conſequences, they would

be ſenſible of the impropriety of their behaviour in this particular. I muſt therefore intreat of you, Sir, to take the earlieſt opportunity of giving your ſentiments on the ſubject.

I am, &c.

A. W.

The complaints of my Correſpondent are not without reaſon. The boundaries betwixt virtue and vice cannot be too religiouſly maintained; and every thing that tends to leſſen, in any degree, the reſpect due to a woman of honour, ought ever to be guarded againſt with the utmoſt caution.

When I was in France, I obſerved a propriety of behaviour in the particular mentioned by Mr. A. W. that pleaſed me much. Even in that country, looſe as we imagine the manners there to be, no body who wiſhes to preſerve the character of a well-bred gentleman is ever ſeen, at a place of public reſort, in company with thoſe miſguided fair-ones, who, however much they may be objects of pity and compaſſion, have forfeited all title to reſpect and eſteem. I would recommend to our young men to follow, in this, the example of our neighbours, whom they are ſo ready to imitate in leſs laudable inſtances. To conſider it only in this view,

view, there is certainly no greater breach of politeneſs than that which has given occaſion to this letter. In other reſpects, the conſequences are truly alarming. When every diſtinction is removed between the woman of virtue and the proſtitute; when both are treated with equal attention and obſervance; are we to wonder if we find an alteration of the manners of the women in general, and a proportional diminution of that delicacy which forms the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the reſpectable part of the ſex?

Theſe conſiderations will, I hope, prove ſufficient to correct this abuſe in our young gentlemen. As to my fair country-women, it is ever with reluctance that I am obliged to take notice of any little impropriety into which they inadvertently fall. Let them, however, reflect, that a certain delicacy of ſentiment and of manners is the chief ornament of the female character, and the beſt and ſureſt guardian of female honour. That once removed, there will remain, in the opinion of the world, leſs difference than perhaps they may be aware of, between them and the avowedly licentious. Let them alſo conſider, that, as it is unqueſtionably in their power to form and correct the manners of the men, ſo they are, in ſome ſort, account-

able,

able, not for their own conduct only, but also for that of their admirers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

I Do not mean to *reflect*, Mr. MIRROR; for that is your business, not mine; far less do I purpose to *pun*, when I tell you, that it might save some reflections upon yourself, did you take the trouble to translate into good common *English*, those same *Latin* scraps, or mottoes, which you sometimes hang out by way of sign-post inscription at the top of your paper. For, consider, Sir, who will be tempted to enter a house of entertainment offered to the Public, when the majority can neither read nor understand the language in which the *bill of fare* is drawn and held out? I am a Scotsman of a good plain stomach, who can eat and digest any thing; yet would I like to have a guess at what was to be expected before I sit down to table. Besides, the *fair sex*, Mr. MIRROR, for whom you express so much respect,—What shall they do? Believe me, then, Sir, by complying with this hint, you will not only please the ladies, but now and then save a blush in their company to some grown gentlemen, who have not the good fortune to be so learned as

yourſelf. Amongſt the reſt, you will oblige one who has the honour to be

Your admirer and humble ſervant,

IGNORAMUS.

Edinburgh, Feb. 19, 1779.

Mr. *Ignoramus* (whom I take to be a wiſer man than he gives himſelf out for) muſt have often obſerved many great perſonages contrive to be unintelligible in order to be reſpected.

N° 10. SATURDAY, *February* 27, 1779.

——— *Id arbitror*
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis. TER.

Refinement, and *Delicacy of Taste*, are the productions of advanced society. They open to the mind of persons possessed of them a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be pushed to a dangerous extreme. By that excess of sensibility to which they lead; by that vanity which they flatter; that idea of superiority which they nourish; they may unfit their possessor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that too great niceness which they are apt to create, they may mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness even in the highest and finest pleasures. A person of such a mind will often miss happiness where Nature intended it should be found, and seek for it where it is not be met with. Disgust and Chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever considered my friend *Charles Fleetwood* to be a remarkable instance of such a character. Mr. *Fleetwood* has been endowed by nature with a most feeling and tender heart.

Educated

Educated to no particular profeſſion, his natural ſenſibility has been increaſed by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the ſtudy of the polite arts, which has given him that exceſs of refinement I have deſcribed above, that injures while it captivates.

Laſt ſummer I accompanied him in an excurſion into the country. Our object was partly air and exerciſe, and partly to pay a viſit to ſome of our friends.

Our firſt viſit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-faſhioned hoſpitality which ſtill prevails in ſome parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into exceſs. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend a number of his jovial companions, whoſe object of entertainment was very different from ours. Inſtead of wiſhing to enjoy the pleaſures of the country, they expreſſed their ſatisfaction at the meeting of ſo many old acquaintance; becauſe, they ſaid, it would add to the mirth and ſociality of the party. Accordingly, after a long, and ſomewhat noiſy, dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glaſſes: the mirth of the company roſe higher at every new toaſt; and, though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial feſtivity was drawn out, with very little intermiſſion, till it was time

time to go to bed. Mr. *Fleetwood*'s politeneſs prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, ſaw he was inwardly fretted at the manner in which his time was ſpent during a fine evening, in one of the moſt beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at leaſt innocent, was loſt upon him: their jokes hardly produced a ſmile; or, if they did, it was a forced one: even the good humour of thoſe around him, inſtead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleaſure, increaſed his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver, did I think, Mr. *Fleetwood*'s countenance became.

After having remained here two days, our time being ſpent pretty much in the manner I have deſcribed, we went to the houſe of another gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural ſoberneſs of mind, accompanied with a habit of induſtry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would ſave us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. *Fleetwood* not a whit more at his eaſe than in the laſt houſe. Our landlord's ideas of politeneſs made him think it would be want of reſpect to his gueſts if he did not give them conſtant attendance. Breakfaſt, therefore, was no

ſooner

sooner removed, than, as he wished to visit his farm, he proposed a walk: We set out accordingly; and our whole morning was spent in crossing dirty fields, leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord discourse on *drilling* and *horse-hoeing*; of *broad-cast* and *summer-fallow*; of *manuring*, *plowing*, *draining*, &c. Mr. *Fleetwood*, who had scarcely ever read a theoretical book upon *farming*, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teazed to death with this conversation; and returned home, covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family-œconomy did not allow the least approach to a debauch; and, as our landlord had exhausted his utmost stock of knowledge and conversation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all desirous of repeating the entertainment of the morning, we passed a tasteless, lifeless, yawning afternoon; and, I believe, Mr. *Fleetwood* would have willingly exchanged the dulness of his present company for the boisterous mirth of the last he had been in.

Our next visit was to a gentleman of a liberal education, and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. *Fleetwood* expected to find pleasure and enjoyment sufficient to atone for the disagreeable occurrences in his

two

two former visits; but here, too, he was disappointed. Mr. *Selby*, for that was our friend's name, had been several years married: His family increasing, he had retired to the country; and, renouncing the bustle of the world, had given himself up to domestic enjoyments: His time and attention were devoted chiefly to the care of his children. The pleasure which himself felt in humouring all their little fancies, made him forget how troublesome that indulgence might be to others. The first morning we were at his house, when Mr. *Fleetwood* came into the parlour to breakfast, all the places at table were occupied by the children; it was necessary that one of them should be displaced to make room for him; and, in the disturbance which this occasioned, a tea-cup was overturned, and scalded the finger of Mr. *Selby*'s eldest daughter, a child about seven years old, whose whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfast. That being over, the eldest boy came forward with a book in his hand, and Mr. *Selby* asked Mr. *Fleetwood* to hear him read his lesson: Mrs. *Selby* joined in the request, though both looked as if they were rather conferring a favour on their guest. The eldest had no sooner finished, than the youngest boy presented himself; upon which his father observed,

obſerved, that it would be doing injuſtice to *Will* not to hear him, as well as his elder brother *Jack*; and in this way was my friend obliged to ſpend the morning, in performing the office of a ſchoolmaſter to the children in ſucceſſion.

Mr. *Fleetwood* liked a *game* at whiſt, and promiſed himſelf a party in the evening, free from interruption. Cards were accordingly propoſed; but Mrs. *Selby* obſerved, that her little daughter, who ſtill complained of her ſcalded finger, needed amuſement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miſs *Harriot* inſiſted on the *game of the gooſe*. Down to it we ſat; and to a ſtranger it would have been not unamuſing to ſee Mr. *Fleetwood*, in his ſorrowful countenance, at the *royal and pleaſant game of the gooſe*, with a child of ſeven years old. It is unneceſſary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. *Selby*'s, the delighted parents were indulging their fondneſs, while Mr. *Fleetwood* was repining and fretting in ſecret.

Having finiſhed our intended round of viſits, we turned our courſe homewards, and, at the firſt inn on our road, were joined by one Mr. *Johnſon*, with whom I was ſlightly acquainted. Politeneſs would not allow me to reject the offer of his company, eſpecially as I knew him to be a good-natured inoffenſive man. Our

road

road lay through a *glen*, romantic and picturesque, which we reached soon after sun-set, in a mild and still evening. On each side were stupendous mountains; their height; the rude and projecting rocks, of which some of them were composed; the gloomy caverns they seemed to contain; and the appearance of devastation, occasioned by traces of cataracts falling from their tops, presented to our view a scene truly sublime. Mr. *Fleetwood* felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and was swelled with that silent awe, so well suited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have said,

——— "Welcome kindred glooms,
"Congenial horrors, hail!"

——— "Be these my theme,
"These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
"And heavenly musing!"

Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour; and an unusual stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses, which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow sound, which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. *Johnson*, tiring of this silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once, and

without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the ſong of "*Puſh about the Joram.*" Mr. *Fleetwood*'s ſoul was then wound up to its utmoſt height. At the ſound of Mr. *Johnſon*'s voice he ſtarted, and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the reſt of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him; and though he is, in every reſpect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. *Fleetwood* and he have often met ſince, the former has never been able to look upon him without diſguſt.

Mr. *Fleetwood*'s entertainment in this ſhort tour has produced, in my mind, many reflections, in which I doubt not I ſhall be anticipated by my readers.

There are few ſituations in life, from which a man, who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive ſatisfaction; but, if we once tranſgreſs thoſe bounds, and, ſeeking after too much refinement, indulge a falſe and miſtaken delicacy, there is hardly a ſituation in which we will not be expoſed to diſappointment and diſguſt.

Had it not been for this falſe, this dangerous delicacy, Mr. *Fleetwood*, inſtead of uneaſineſs, would have received pleaſure from every

ry visit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the first house to which we went, it was not necessary that he should have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of a fine evening in the country; but that not being the sentiments of the company, had he, without repining, given up his taste to theirs, instead of feeling disgust at what appeared to him coarse in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleasure at the mirth and good-humour which prevailed around him; and the very reflection, that different employments gave amusement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical satisfaction.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the barrenness and dryness of the conversation at our second visit, could fill up, or entirely satisfy the delicate and improved mind of Mr. *Fleetwood*; but, had he not laid it down almost as a rule, not to be pleased with any thing, except what suited his own idea of enjoyment, he might, and ought to have received pleasure from the sight of a worthy family, spending their time innocently, happily, and usefully; usefully, both to themselves and to their country.

It was owing to the same false sensibility, that he was so much chagrined in the family of Mr. *Selby*. The fond indulgence of the parents did

did, perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for the finicalneſs of mind in Mr. *Fleetwood*, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleaſure from witneſſing the happineſs of two virtuous parents in their riſing offſpring, that would have much overbalanced any uneaſineſs ariſing from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this exceſſive retirement, would Mr. *Fleetwood* have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr. *Johnſon*. Though he might not have conſidered him as a man of taſte, he would, nevertheleſs, have regarded him as a good and inoffenſive man; and he would have received pleaſure from the reflection, that neither goodneſs nor happineſs are confined to thoſe minds which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleaſures of nature or of art.

N° 11. TUESDAY, *March* 2, 1779.

SINCE the commencement of the late *levies*, I underſtand that not only *drill ſerjeants* have had daily acceſs to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houſes in this metropolis, but that profeſſors of *the noble ſcience of defence* have been ſo conſtantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that their former ſcholars have found great difficulty in procuring maſters to puſh with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourſe to the leſs edifying oppoſition of one another.

The purpoſe of the *ſerjeant*'s inſtructions, every lover of his country muſt approve. The laſt-mentioned art, that of *fencing*, I formerly took great delight in myſelf, and ſtill account one of the healthieſt of all houſe exerciſes; inſomuch that, when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to ſpend a certain part of every day in exerciſe of ſome kind, I generally take up my *foil* in rainy mornings, and puſh with great ſucceſs againſt the figure of *Herod*, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now paſted up on the wall of the laundry.

When those two sciences, however, go upon actual service, they are to be considered in different lights. That of the *serjeant*, as it teaches a man to stand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the same as the *fencingmaster*'s; but in their last stage they depart somewhat from each other; the *serjeant* proposes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the MIRROR being always a very *polite* paper; I am not, therefore, at all disposed to bestow on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling, those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some of my predecessors have indulged themselves. During my residence abroad, I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman, and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds within which the most punctilious valour may be contented to restrain itself; and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously

inviolate as poſſible. I hold ſuch an eſſay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when ſome of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are ſomewhat apt to grow peeviſh and quarrelſome.

In the *firſt* place, I will make one general obſervation, that, at this buſy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace, ſo many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer ſo eaſily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will ſpeedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and ſhew a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at preſent, from the great increaſe of the eſtabliſhment, there is rather a ſcarcity, in proportion to the demand, of men of military talents, and military figure, eſpecially when we conſider that the war is now to be carried on againſt ſo genteel a people as the *French*, to whom it will be neceſſary to ſhew officers of the moſt ſoldier-like appearance and addreſs.

This patriotic conſideration will tend to relax the *etiquette* formerly eſtabliſhed, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commiſſion, and that, too, without

without the purpose of resenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aspersion, but merely to shew that he could fight. Now, this practice, being unnecessary at present, as preferment goes on briskly enough by the fall of officers in the course of their duty, may very properly, and without disparagement to the valour of the British army, be dispensed with; so, it is to be agreed and understood, that every officer in the new-raised regiments, whose commission bears date on or posterior to the 1st of January 1778, is, *ipso facto*, to be held and deemed of unquestionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the measure of affront which may justify *a challenge*, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above-mentioned *corps* have been obliged, in levying their respective quotas, to engage in scenes of a very particular kind; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city-brawls, amongst a set of men and women not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeness of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder if the smooth enamel of the gentleman has received some little injury from the collision of such coarse materials; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraseology which an officer in such situations was forced to assume. There-

fore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at present, be done away by an *explanation*; and those which an officer must then explain and account for at peril of a challenge, are now to be considered as mere colloquial expletives, acquired by associating with such company as frequent the places above described.

As, notwithstanding all these allowances, some duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the construction of which I have paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their safety.

In fighting with the *sword*, a *blow*, or the *lie direct*, can scarcely be expiated but by a thrust through the body; but any lesser affront may be wiped off by a wound in the *sword-arm*; or, if the injury be very slight, any wound will be sufficient. In all this, it is to be noted, that the receiving of such wound by either party constitutes a reparation for the affront; as it is a rule of justice peculiar to the *Code of duelling*, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with *pistols*, the distance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For those of an atrocious sort,

sort, a distance of only twenty feet, and pistols of nine, nine and a half, or ten inch barrels, are requisite; for slighter ones, the distance may be doubled, and a six or even five inch barrel will serve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the size of the persons engaged; for every stone above eleven, the party of such weight may, with perfect honour, retire three feet.

I read, some time ago, certain addresses to the *Jockey Club*, by two gentlemen who had been engaged in an affair of honour; from which it appeared, that one of them had systematized the art of duelling to a wonderful degree. Among other things, he had brought his aim with a pistol to so much certainty, and made such improvements on the weapon, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting, at a considerable distance, any part of his adversary's body. These arts, however, I by no means approve: They resemble, methinks, a *loaded die*, or a *packed deal*; and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight against the first, than to play against the latter. They may, in the mildest construction, be compared to the sure play of a man who can take every ball at *billiards*; and therefore, if it shall be judged that an ordinary marksman must fight

with the perſon poſſeſſed of them, he is, at leaſt, intitled to *odds*, and muſt be allowed three ſhots to one of his antagoniſt.

I have thus, with ſome labour, and I hope ſtrict honour, ſettled certain articles in the matter of *duelling*, for ſuch of my readers as may have occaſion for them. It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been, now and then, brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbé ———, with whom I was diſputing at Paris on this ſubject, concluded his arguments againſt duelling with a ſtory, which, though I did not think it much to the purpoſe, was a tolerable ſtory notwithſtanding. I ſhall give it in the very words of the Abbé.

"A countryman of yours, a Captain "*Douglas*, was playing at *Trictrac*, with a "very intimate friend, here in this very coffee-"houſe, amidſt a circle of French officers "who were looking on. Some diſpute ariſ-"ing about a caſt of the dice, *Douglas* ſaid, "in a gay thoughtleſs manner, "Oh! what "a ſtory!" A murmur aroſe among the by-"ſtanders; and his antagoniſt feeling the af-"front, as if the *lie* had been given him, in "the violence of his paſſion, ſnatched up the "tables, and hit *Douglas* a blow on the head.

"The

" The instant he had done it, the idea of his " imprudence, and its probable consequences " to himself and his friend, rushed upon his " mind: he sat, stupified with shame and re- " morse, his eyes rivetted on the ground, re- " gardless of what the other's resentment " might prompt him to act. *Douglas*, after " a short pause, turned round to the specta- " tors: " You think," said he, " that I am " now ready to cut the throat of that unfor- " tunate young man; but I know that, at this " moment, he feels anguish a thousand times " more keen than any my sword could inflict. " —I will embrace him—thus---and try to re- " concile him to himself;---but I will cut the " throat of that man among you who shall dare " to breathe a syllable against my honour." " Bravo! Bravo!" cry'd an old *Chevalier de* " *St. Louis*, who stood immediately behind " him:---The sentiment of France overcame " its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed from " every corner of the room. Who would not " have cried Bravo! Would not you, Sir?" " Doubtless." " On other occasions, then, " be governed by the same principle." " Why, " to be sure, it were often better not to fight---, " if one had but the *courage* not to fight."

N° 12. SATURDAY, *March* 6, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a plain country-gentleman, with a small fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngeſt, I have contrived to ſet out into the world in tolerably promiſing ſituations. My two eldeſt girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a reſpectable character; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms moſt of his own eſtate, and is ſuppoſed to know country-buſineſs as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wiſh to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood (at leaſt as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldeſt of my unmarried daughters at the houſe of a gentleman, a diſtant relation of mine, and, as well as myſelf, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handſome, and I have endeavoured to make them underſtand the common rules of good-breeding.

ing. My Lady —— ran out to my kinſman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praiſe of their beauty and politeneſs, and, at parting, gave them a moſt preſſing invitation to come and ſpend a week with her during the approaching Chriſtmas holidays. On my daughter's return from their kinſman's, I was not altogether pleaſed at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more ſatisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s ſayings and ſentiments, and the deſcriptions of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dreſs, and the grandeur of her equipage. I oppoſed, therefore, their deſign of paying this Chriſtmas viſit pretty warmly. Upon this the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great Lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her Lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but alſo by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their ſide; and I muſt own to you, Mr. Mirror, though I would not have you think me hen-peck'd, that my wife, ſomehow or other, contrives to carry moſt points in our family; ſo my oppoſition was over-ruled, and to —— the girls went; but not before they had made a

journey to the metropolis of our county, and brought back a portmanteau full of neceſſaries, to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife ſaid, in the company they ſhould meet there.

In about a month, for their viſit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you ſeen, Mr. MIRROR, what an alteration that month had made on them! Inſtead of the roſy complexions, and ſparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby.

I could not help expreſſing my ſurpriſe at the ſight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me ſhort, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ——.

And no wonder, Sir, it ſhould, from the deſcription which my daughter ſometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Inſtead of riſing at ſeven, breakfaſting at nine, dining at three, ſupping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their cuſtom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfaſted at one, dined at ſix, ſupped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their ſhapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their boſoms (*necks* they called them), which were ſqueezed up to their throats, their waiſts tapered

tapered down to a very extraordinary ſmallneſs; they reſembled the upper half of an *hour-glaſs*. At this, alſo, I marvelled; but it was the only ſhape worn at ———. Next day, at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of ſuch a ſize, that my little parlour was not of height enough to let them ſtand upright in it. This was the moſt ſtriking metamorphoſis of all. Their mother ſtared; I ejaculated; my other children burſt out a-laughing; the anſwer was the ſame as before; it was the only head worn at ———.

Nor is their behaviour leſs changed than their garb. Inſtead of joining in the good-humoured cheerfulneſs we uſed to have among us before, my two *fine* young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monſtrouſly ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing elſe to do, to fall to *Blindman's buff*, or *Croſs-purpoſes*, or ſometimes to play at *Loo* for cherry-ſtones, theſe two get a pack of cards to themſelves, and ſit down to play for any little money their viſit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It ſeems, indeed, the dulleſt of all amuſements, as it conſiſts in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an *ace* upwards, as if the players

players were learning to speak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other custom at ——, nobody is allowed to judge but themselves. They have got a parcel of phrases, which they utter on all occasions as decisive, *French*, I believe, though I can scarce find any of them in the Dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean something extremely fashionable, and are constantly supported by the authority of my Lady, or the Countess, his Lordship, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, so have they unlearned some of the most common and best understood home phrases. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and dissipation of a young kinsman who had spent his fortune, and lost his health in London and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and said it showed spirit in the young man. After the same rule, they lately declared, that a gentleman could not *live* on less than 1000*l.* a-year, and called the account which their mantua-maker and milliner sent me, for the fineries purchased for their visit at ——, a *trifle*, though it amounted to 59*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my estate.

All this, Mr. Mirror, I look upon as a sort of pestilential disorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the course of this

this unfortunate visit. This consideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed suit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, says) better than harsh ones. Yet, I confess, I could not help being in a passion t'other day, when the disorder shewed symptoms of a more serious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter *Elizabeth* (since her visit she is offended if we will call her *Betty*), said it was *fanatical* to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her sister *Sophia* gravely asked my son-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not some doubts of the soul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the *plague*, and at last come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; so, I suppose in London, or even your town, Sir, this disease always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if suffered to spread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and spoil our domestic happiness, as at present it does mine, but, in its most violent stages, will bring our estates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our sons to the gallows. Be so humane, therefore, Mr. MIRROR, as to suggest some expedient for keeping it confined

fined within those limits in which it rages at present. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpose (though I cannot help thinking this disease of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the distemper among the *horned cattle*), try, at least, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the sound from approaching the infected; let all *little men* like myself, and every member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourse with the persons or families of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, *Nabobs*, or *Contractors*, till they have good reason to believe that such persons and their households are in a sane and healthy state, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful disorder. And, if it has left such great and noble persons any feelings of compassion, pray put them in mind of that well-known fable of the *boys* and the *frogs*, which they must have learned at school. Tell them, Sir, that, though the making fools of their poor neighbours may serve them for a Christmas gambol, it is matter of serious wretchedness to those poor neighbours in the after-part of their lives: *It is sport to them, but death to us.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

N° 13. TUESDAY, *March* 9, 1779.

THE antiquity of the poems aſcribed to *Oſſian*, the ſon of *Fingal*, has been the ſubject of much diſpute. The refined magnanimity and generoſity of the heroes, and the tenderneſs and delicacy of ſentiment, with regard to women, ſo conſpicuous in thoſe poems, are circumſtances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is ſuppoſed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinſic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; that ſimple ſtate of ſociety the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and tranſactions he deſcribes; his conciſe, abrupt, and figurative ſtyle; the abſence of all abſtract ideas, and of all modern alluſions, render it difficult to aſſign any other æra for their production than the age of Fingal. In ſhort, there are difficulties on both ſides; and, if that remarkable refinement of manners ſeem inconſiſtent with our notions of an unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are ſtamped, make it very hard to ſuppoſe them a modern compoſition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controverſy, much leſs to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propoſe is, to ſuggeſt one conſi-

deration

deration on the subject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto escaped the partizans of either side.

The elegant author of the *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Ossian's imagery, and the too frequent repetition of the same comparisons. He has shown, that this objection proceeds from a careless and inattentive perusal of the poems; for, although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and consequently the same object does often return, yet its appearance is changed; the image is new; it is presented to the fancy in another attitude, and clothed with different circumstances, to make it suit the illustration for which it is employed. "In "this, continues he, lies Ossian's great *art*;" and he illustrates his remark by taking the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, two of the principal subjects of the bard's images and allusions.

I agree with this critic in his observations, though I think he has rather erred in ascribing to *art* in Ossian, that wonderful diversification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts of art or contrivance that Ossian presented the rude objects of nature under so many

ny different aſpects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not ſeek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they ſtruck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view, but the great features of ſimple nature. The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, the deſert heath, the winding ſtream, the green hill, with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of miſt, were the objects amidſt which Oſſian lived. Contemplating theſe, under every variety of appearance they could aſſume, no wonder that his warm and empaſſioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the moſt lofty and ſublime imagery.

Thus the very circumſtance of his having ſuch a circumſcribed range of inanimate objects to attract his attention and exerciſe his imagination, was the natural and neceſſary cauſe of Oſſian's being able to view and to deſcribe them, under ſuch a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And, may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that ſo rich a diverſification of the few appearances of ſimple nature, could hardly have occurred to the imagination of a poet living in any other than the rude and early age in which the ſon of Fingal appeared.

In refined and poliſhed ſociety, where the works of art abound, the endleſs variety of objects

jects that present themselves, distract and dissipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another, and no time is left to dwell upon the sublime and simple appearances of nature. A poet, in such an age, has a wide and diversified circle of objects on which to exercise his imagination. He has a large and diffused stock of materials from which to draw images to embellish his work; and he does not always resort for his imagery to the diversified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid those because his taste rejects them; but he uses them seldom, because they seldom recur to his imagination.

To seize these images, belongs only to the poet of an early and simple age, where the undivided attention has leisure to brood over the few, but sublime objects which surround him. The *sea* and the *heath*, the *rock* and the *torrent*, the *clouds* and *meteors*, the *thunder* and *lightning*, the *sun* and *moon*, and *stars*, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converse. He personifies and addresses them: Every aspect they can assume is impressed upon his mind: He contemplates and traces them through all the endless varieties of seasons; and they are the perpetual subjects of his images and allusions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him; but, for that very reason, he

forms

forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and shade, and attitude.

From this circumstance, it would seem, that the poetical productions of widely-distant periods of society, must ever bear strong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not possible for a poetical genius of the one age to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other. To the poet of a simple age, the varied objects which present themselves in cultivated society are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult, perhaps impracticable. To catch some few transient aspects of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the shades of a few simple objects, and to make them correspond with a great diversity of subjects, the poet must dwell amidst them, and have them ever present to his mind.

The excellent critic, whom I have already mentioned, has selected the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, to shew how much Ossian has diversified the appearance of the few objects with which he was encircled. I shall now conclude this paper with selecting a *third*, that

of the *Sun*, which, I think, the bard has presented in such a variety of aspects, as could have occurred to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Ossian is supposed to have lived.

The vanquished *Frothal*, struck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addresses him: "Terrible art thou, O king of Morven, in "battles of the spears; but, in peace, thou "art like the sun, when he looks through a "silent shower; the flowers lift their fair "heads before him, and the gales shake their "rustling wings." Of the generous open *Cathmor*, exposed to the dark and gloomy *Cairbar*, it is said: "His face was like the "plain of the sun, when it is bright: No "darkness travelled over his brow." Of *Nathos*: "The soul of Nathos was generous and "mild, like the hour of the setting sun." Of young *Connal*, coming to seek the honour of the spear: "The youth was lovely, as the "first beam of the sun." ——— "O! Fithil's "son," says Cuchullin, "with feet of wind, "fly over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal, "that Erin is enthrall'd, and bid the king of "Morven hasten. O! let him come like the "sun in a storm, when he shines on the hills "of grass."

Nathos,

Nathos, anxious for the fate of Darthula: "The ſoul of Nathos was ſad, like the ſun in "the day of miſt, when his face is watery and "dim."——*Oſcar*, ſurrounded with foes, foreſeeing the fall of his race, and yet at times gathering hope: "At times, he was thought-"ful and dark, like the ſun when he carries a "cloud on his face; but he looks afterward "on the hills of Cona."——Before *Boſmina* ſent to offer them the peace of heroes: "The "hoſt of Erragon brightened in her preſence, "as a rock before the ſudden beams of the ſun, "when they iſſue from a broken cloud, divided "by the roaring wind." The remembrance of battles paſt, and the return of peace, is compared to the ſun returning after a ſtorm: "Hear "the battle of Lora; the ſound of its ſteel is "long ſince paſt; ſo thunder on the darkened "hill roars, and is no more; the ſun returns "with his ſilent beams; the glittering rocks, "and green heads of the mountains, ſmile."

Fingal in his ſtrength darkening in the preſence of war: "His arm ſtretches to the foe "like the beam of the ſickly ſun, when his "ſide is cruſted with darkneſs, and he rolls "his diſmal courſe throughout the ſky." A young hero exulting in his ſtrength, and ruſhing toward his foes, exclaims, "My beat-"ing ſoul is high! My fame is bright before

"me,

" me, like the ſtreak of light on a cloud when " the broad ſun comes forth, red traveller of " the ſky!" On another occaſion, ſays a hero, " I have met the battle in my youth. My " arm could not lift the ſpear when firſt the " danger roſe; but my ſoul brightened before " the war as the green narrow vale, when the " ſun pours his ſtreamy beams, before he hides " his head in a ſtorm!"

But it would exceed the proper bounds of this paper, were I to bring together all the paſſages which might illuſtrate my remarks. Without, therefore, quoting the beautiful addreſs to the Sun, which finiſhes the ſecond book of *Temora*, or that at the beginning of *Carricthura*, I ſhall conclude with laying before my readers that ſublime paſſage at the end of *Carthon*, where the aged bard, thrown into melancholy by the remembrance of that hero, thus pours himſelf forth:

—" I feel the ſun, O Malvina! leave me " to my reſt. The beam of Heaven delights " to ſhine on the grave of Carthon; I feel it " warm around.

—" O Thou that rolleſt above, round as " the ſhield of my fathers! whence are thy " beams, O Sun! thy everlaſting light! Thou " comeſt forth in thy awful beauty, and the " ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky: The moon,

" cold

" cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave, but " thou thyſelf moveſt alone: Who can be a " companion of thy courſe? The oaks of the " mountain fall; the mountains themſelves de- " cay with years; the ocean ſhrinks, and " grows again; the moon herſelf is loſt in " Heaven; but thou art for ever the ſame, re- " joicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When " the world is dark with tempeſts; when thun- " der rolls and lightning flies, thou lookeſt in " thy beauty from the clouds, and laugheſt at " the ſtorm. But to Oſſian thou lookeſt in " vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; " whether thy yellow hair flows on the eaſtern " clouds, or thou trembleſt at the gates of the " weſt. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a " ſeaſon, and thy years will have an end. Thou " ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, careleſs of the voice " of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun, in the " ſtrength of thy youth! Age is dark and " unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of " the moon when it ſhines through broken " clouds; the blaſt of the north is on the " plain, and the traveller ſhrinks in the midſt " of his journey."

N° 14. SATURDAY, *March* 13, 1779.

——— *Inertibus horis*
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ. HOR.

THERE are ſome weakneſſes, which, as they do not ſtrike us with the malignity of crimes, and produce their effects by imperceptible progreſs, we are apt to conſider as venial, and make very little ſcruple of indulging. But the habit which apologizes for theſe, is a miſchief of their own creation, which it behoves us early to reſiſt. We give way to it at firſt, becauſe it may be conquered at any time; and, at laſt, excuſe ourſelves from the conteſt, becauſe it has grown too ſtrong to be overcome.

Of this nature is *indolence*, a failing, I had almoſt ſaid a vice, of all others the leaſt alarming, yet, perhaps, the moſt fatal. Diſſipation and intemperance are often the tranſient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence "grows with our growth, and ſtrengthens with our ſtrength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty; yet ſo ſeducing, that its evils are unfelt, and its errors unrepented of.

It

It is a circumstance of peculiar regret, that this should often be the propensity of delicate and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unsusceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and resolution; the occupations they pursue, and the enjoyments they feel, seldom much disappoint the expectations they have formed; but persons endowed with that nice perception of pleasure and pain which is annexed to sensibility, feel so much undescribable uneasiness in their pursuits, and frequently so little satisfaction in their attainments, that they are too often induced to sit still, without attempting the one or desiring the other.

The complaints which such persons make of their want of that success which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjust as unavailing. It is from the use, not the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

When I first resolved to publish this paper, I applied to several literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very sanguine

expectations of assistance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a situation most favourable to such productions, as he lives amidst the great and the busy world, without being much occupied either by ambition or business. His compositions at college, when I first became acquainted with him, were remarkable for elegance and ingenuity; and, as I knew he still spent much of his time in reading the best writers, ancient and modern, I made no doubt of his having attained such farther improvement of style, and extension of knowledge, as would render him a very valuable contributor to the MIRROR.

A few days ago, more than four months after I had sent him my letter, I received the following answer to it:

London, 1st March, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM ashamed to look on the date of this letter, and to recollect that of yours. I will not, however, add the sin of hypocrisy to my other failings, by informing you, as is often done in such cases, that hurry of business, or want of health, has prevented me from answering

ſwering your letter. I will frankly confeſs, that I have had abundance of leiſure, and been perfectly well ſince I received it; I can add, though, perhaps, you may not ſo eaſily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is (you know my weakneſs that way), I have wiſhed, reſolved, and re-reſolved to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accompliſhing it. That diſeaſe of indolence, which you and my other companions uſed to laugh at, grows ſtronger and ſtronger upon me; my ſymptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to loſe the power of ſtruggling againſt the malady, ſometimes to ſhut my ears againſt ſelf-admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the deſign of publiſhing a periodical paper, and aſking my aſſiſtance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paroxyſms of my diſorder. The fit ſeemed to give way to the call of friendſhip. I got up from my eaſy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the Spectators, which ſtood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-preſs, called for pen, ink, and paper, and ſat down, in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and

to regulate the taſte of millions of my fellow-ſubjects. A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me; I began to ſpeculate on the prevailing vices and reigning follies of the times, the thouſand topics which might ariſe for declamation, ſatire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the ſhades of character, the delicacies of ſentiment. I was bewildered amidſt this multitude and variety of ſubjects, and ſat dreaming over the redundancy of matter and the eaſe of writing, till the morning was ſpent, and my ſervant announced dinner.

I aroſe, ſatisfied with having thought much, and laid in ſtore for writing much on ſubjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expreſſion, in company with thoſe thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my ſtudy, ſat down at my writing-table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word *Mirror* a-top, and filling my pen again, drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate the ſcene before me. But I found things not quite in the ſituation I had left them; the groupes were more confuſed, the figures leſs ſtriking, the colours leſs vivid, than I had ſeen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them—I know not how long; for I was waked

waked from a very ſound nap, at half an hour paſt ſix, by *Peter* aſking me, If I choſe to drink coffee.

I was aſhamed and vexed at the ſituation in which he found me. I drank my firſt diſh rather out of humour with myſelf; but, during the ſecond, I began to account for it from natural cauſes; and, before the third was finiſhed, had reſolved that ſtudy was improper after *repletion*, and concluded the evening with the adventures of one of the *three Cullenders*, out of *the Arabian Night's Entertainments*.

For all this arrear I drew, reſolutely, on to-morrow, and after breakfaſt prepared myſelf accordingly. I had actually gone ſo far as to write three introductory ſentences, all of which I burnt, and was juſt blacking the letter *T* for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not ſeen for a conſiderable time. After he had ſat with me for more than an hour, he roſe to go away; I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not ſorry to find it within a few minutes of one; ſo I gave up the morning for loſt, and invited myſelf to accompany my friend in ſome viſits he propoſed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and

did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much ſelf-reproach, by conſidering, that intercourſe with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the ſubſequent month, during which I remained in town, though there ſeldom paſſed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendſhip. It is enough to tell you, that, during the firſt fortnight, I always found ſome apology for delaying the execution of my purpoſe; and, during the laſt, contented myſelf with the proſpect of the leiſure I ſhould ſoon enjoy in the country, to which I was invited by a relation, to ſpend ſome time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his houſe about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildneſs of the ſeaſon had ſtill left in the garb of *Thomſon*'s philoſophic melancholy, as ſcenes full of inſpiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wiſdom meditate, without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the ſcene, and ſhot out into a thouſand excurſions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of ſentiment, of humour, of criticiſm, and of ſcience,

ſhe

ability, the gratification of every ſelfiſh appetite, without any other reſtraint than what ſelf-intereſt dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the ſeaſon of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the ſtate, they become miniſters as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardleſs of the national honour as of their own, their ſyſtem of government (if it can be called a ſyſtem) looks not beyond the preſent moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good are meant only as props to ſupport themſelves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-ſoldiers, or of their country, they make their power the miniſter of their pleaſures. If the wiſdom of their ſovereign ſhould, happily for himſelf and his country, ſhut them out from his councils, ſhould they be confined to a private ſtation, finding no entertainment in their own breaſts, as void of friends as incapable of friendſhip, they ſink reflection in a life of diſſipation.

If the probable conſequences of thoſe different modes of education be ſuch as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred ſhould be leſs conducive than

than its oppoſite to thoſe elegant accompliſhments which decorate ſociety. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vaniſh; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inſeparable from the learning of the divine, the phyſician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no reſpect, inconſiſtent, either with that graceful eaſe and elegance of addreſs peculiar to men of faſhion, or with what, in modern phraſe, is called knowledge of the world. The man of ſuperior accompliſhments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudineſs of his equipage, to boaſt of his ſucceſs in intrigue, or publiſh favours he never received, will, to him, appear frivolous and diſhonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the preſent ſyſtem of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I ſhall conclude this paper by reminding thoſe parents and guardians who are ſo anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the fineſt gentlemen, the brighteſt geniuſes, the moſt uſeful and beſt informed

informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies, for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

H

N° 16. SATURDAY, *March* 20, 1779.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of *Spring* have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carrol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable dispositon, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession

poſſeſſion of my ſoul, which the beauty of the landſcape, and the melody of the birds, rather ſoothed than overcame.

Perhaps ſome reaſon may be given why this ſort of feeling ſhould prevail over the mind, in thoſe moments of deeper penſiveneſs to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the ſeaſon of remembrance. We are ſurrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintance in the years that are paſt. Winter, which ſtopped the progreſſion of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet, like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderneſs than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awaked, memory follows over a very extenſive field. And, in ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, objects of cheerfulneſs and delight are, from thoſe very qualities, the moſt adapted to inſpire that milder ſort of ſadneſs which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleaſant and mournful to "the ſoul." They will inſpire this, not only from the recollection of the paſt, but from the proſpect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidſt the ſportive gaiety of the child,

often

often thinks of the cares of manhood and the sorrows of age.

This effect will, at least, be commonly felt by persons who have lived long enough to see, and had reflection enough to observe, the vicissitudes of life. Even those who have never experienced severe calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thousand instances of fallacious promises and disappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vanished to give place to sensations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural scene which Spring first unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former state, with an exaggerated idea of its happiness, and to feel the present with increased dissatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory stops not with the representation of ourselves; it traces also the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy sort of recollection to think over the names of our school-fellows, and to consider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the sweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is less pointed than the reflection on the fate of those whom affinity or friendship linked to our side, whom distance of place, premature death, or

(ſometimes not a leſs painful conſideration) eſtrangement of affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not ſure if the diſpoſition to reflections of this ſort be altogether a ſafe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may diſqualify the mind for the more active and buſtling ſcenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary ſociety; but, in a certain degree, I am perſuaded it may be found uſeful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impreſſions I have deſcribed, will be led to look into himſelf, and will ſee the vanity of ſetting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unſocial ſpirit which gloomy and aſcetic ſeverities inſpire; but the gentle, and not unpleaſing melancholy that will be diffuſed over his ſoul, will fill it with a calm and ſweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or ſelfiſh paſſion. It will teach him to look upon the reſt of the world as his brethren, travelling the ſame road, and ſubject to the like calamities with himſelf; it will prompt his wiſh to alleviate and aſſuage the bitterneſs of their ſufferings, and extinguiſh in his heart every ſentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidſt

Amidſt the tide of pleaſure which flows on a mind of little ſenſibility, there may be much ſocial joy without any ſocial affection; but, in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be leſs, there will, I believe, be more happineſs and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moraliſt, or the mere ſenſe of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleneſs, diſintereſtedneſs, benevolence, and humanity. The feelings muſt be won, as well as the reaſon convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addreſſes itſelf, and is heard: it offers pleaſure to the preſent hour; and the promiſe of ſatisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of penſive tenderneſs of which I have given ſome faint ſketches in this paper, will not eaſily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amuſements of folly.

V

N° 17. Tuesday, *March* 23, 1779.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo.
Hor.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,

As I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours, to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative.

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the mean time, and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure, to see the cheerful activity of

my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though, indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch, while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and, at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of her younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. MIRROR, are now at an end.

The ſources of unhappineſs in my ſituation are very different from thoſe of other unfortunate married perſons. It is not of my huſband's idleneſs or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decreaſe of affection, or diſagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in ſuſpenſe. In ſhort, it is my misfortune that my huſband is become *a Man of Taſte*.

The firſt ſymptom of this malady, for it is now become a *diſeaſe* indeed, manifeſted itſelf, as I have ſaid, about two years ago, when it was my huſband's ill luck to receive one day from a cuſtomer, in payment of a pound of ſugar, a crooked piece of ſilver, which he, at firſt, miſtook for a ſhilling, but found, on examination, to have ſome ſtrange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it ſeems, had ſome knowledge of thoſe matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of *Alexander the Third*; and, affirming that he knew a virtuoſo who would be extremely glad to be poſſeſſed of it, bid him half a guinea for it upon the ſpot. My poor huſband, who knew as little of *Alexander the Third*, as of *Alexander the Great*, or his other nameſake, the *Copperſmith*, was nevertheleſs

perſuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's diſcernment, that he was poſſeſſed of a very valuable curioſity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on ſhewing it to the virtuoſo above mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the former ſum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was now judged to be ineſtimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. MIRROR, to deſcribe minutely the progreſs of my huſband's delirium. The neighbours ſoon heard of our acquiſition, and flocked to be indulged with a ſight of it. Others who had valuable curioſities of the ſame kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much entreaty, prevailed on by my huſband to exchange them for guineas, half guineas, and crown pieces; ſo that, in about a month's time, he could boaſt of being poſſeſſed of twenty pieces, all of ineſtimable value, which coſt him only the trifling ſum of 18*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

But the malady did not reſt here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. MIRROR, *to get a taſte*. It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth "beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly if either *ſcarce* or *old*, is now the object of

of my husband's avidity. The profits of our business, once considerable, but now daily diminishing, are expended, not only on coins, but on shells, lumps of different coloured stones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our house, which it was once my highest pleasure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is supplied by an *Indian canoe*; and the poor little creatures sleep three of them in a hammock, slung up to the roof between a *stuffed crocodile* and the skeleton of a *calf with two heads*. Even the commodities of our shop have been turned out to make room for trash and vermin. *Kites*, *owls*, and *bats*, are perched upon the top of our shelves; and it was but yesterday, that, putting my hand into a glass jar that used to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large *tarantula* in place of a *mangoe*.

In the bitterness of my soul, Mr. MIRROR, I have been often tempted to revenge myself on the objects of my husband's phrenzy, by burning, smashing, and destroying them without mercy; but, besides, that such violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unsettled, I could not take such a course, without being

guilty of a fraud to our creditors, several of whom will, I believe, sooner or later, find it their only means of reimbursement, to take back each man his own monsters.

Meantime, Sir, as my husband constantly peruses your paper (one instance of his taste which I cannot object to), I have some small hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking-glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter, you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant,

REBECCA PRUNE.

I cannot help expressing my suspicion that Mrs. *Rebecca Prune* has got somebody to write her letter. If she wrote it herself, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is so knowing in what she describes, and can joke so learnedly on her spouse's ignorance of the *three Alexanders*, has not much reason to complain of her husband being a *man of taste*.

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and, in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station generally looks for some reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks *out of doors* to shew itself to both.

I re-

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of *Bath*, who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a *toyman* in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of *Gothic* building, of about 18 feet by 12, and an inclosure, somewhat short of an acre. The first had only a few closets within; but it made a most gallant and warlike shew without. It had *turrets* about the size of the *king* at *nine pins*, and *battlements* like the side-crust of a Christmas *goose-pye*. To complete the appearance of a *castle*, we entered by a *draw-bridge*, which, in construction and dimensions, exactly resembled the lid of a travelling-trunk. To the right of the house was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with a *harbour*, defended by two *redoubts*, under cover of which lay a vessel of the size of an ordinary *bathing-tub*, mounting a parcel of old *toothpick-cases*, fitted up into guns, and manned with some of the toyman's little family of plaything figures, with red jackets and striped trowsers, whom he had impressed into the service. The place where this vessel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the shore, who seemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called *Spithead*, and the ship's

name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her ſtern, was the *Victory*.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without ſome fear, acroſs a Chineſe bridge, to a *pagoda*, in which it was neceſſary to aſſume the poſture of devotion, as there was not room to ſtand upright. On the ſides of the *great ſerpentine walk*, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my *Cicerone* looked upon as a maſter-ſtroke of genius. The ground was ſhaped into the figures of the different ſuits of *cards*; ſo that here was the *heart* walk, the *diamond* walk, the *club* walk, and the *ſpade* walk; the laſt of which had the additional advantage of being ſure to produce a pun. On my obſerving how pleaſant and ingenious all this was, my conductor anſwered, "Ay, ay, let him alone for that; he "has given them a little of every thing, you "ſee; and ſo he may, Sir, for he can *very* "*well afford it.*"

I believe we muſt reſt the matter here. In this land of freedom there is no reſtraining the *liberty of being ridiculous*; I would only intreat Mr. *Prune*, and indeed many of his betters, to have ſome regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools of themſelves, till, like the *Bath* toyman, they can *very well afford it*.

N° 18. SATURDAY, *March* 27, 1779.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodan aut Mytelenen.
HOR.

NOTHING is more amuſing to a traveller, than to obſerve the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he paſſes; and to find, upon croſſing a river or a mountain, as marked a difference in the manners, the ſentiments, and the opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dreſs, or their language. Thus, the eaſy vivacity of the French, is as oppoſite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard, on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dulneſs of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has ſome ſtriking feature, ſome diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, philoſophers are not agreed as to the cauſes of that diſtinction. *Monteſquieu* has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or the only cauſe of the difference of national characters; and it is not ſurpriſing that the opinion of ſo great a man ſhould have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of

Recherches Philoſophiques ſur les Americains, whoſe chief object ſeems to have been to ſhow, that the climate of America is of ſuch a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human ſpecies has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I muſt confeſs, however, that I have often doubted as to the juſtneſs of this opinion; and, though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that *Monteſquieu*, and the writers who have adopted his ſyſtem, have attributed by far too much to it.

It muſt be allowed, that man is leſs affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But of all the human race, an American ſavage ſeems to approach the neareſt, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and, of conſequence, ought to be moſt ſubject to the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peaſant or manufacturer, we ſhall be apt to think, that the former, conſidered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the ſcale of being than the latter.

The ſavage, quitting his cabin, goes to the aſſembly of his tribe, and there delivers his ſentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a ſpirit, a force, and an energy, that might do

honour

honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and, in the field, discovers a sagacity in his stratagems, a boldness in his designs, a perseverance in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of suffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the Old World, when they first beheld them, with wonder and astonishment. How superior such a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a *pin*, or forming the shape of a *button*, and possessing not one idea beyond the business in which he is immediately employed!

It may perhaps be objected, that no fair comparison can be made where the state of society is so different, the necessary effect of civilization being to introduce a distinction of ranks, and to sink the lower orders of men far beneath that station to which by nature they are intitled. But, allowing this observation to be just, we shall find, upon comparing the savage of America with the savage of Europe, as described by Cæsar and Tacitus, that the former is at least equal to the latter in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go so far for instances, to show, that other causes act more powerfully than climate, in forming the man-

ners, and fixing the characters of men. *London* and *Paris* are, at present, the first cities in Europe, in point of opulence, and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the western world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to such advantage. But the inhabitants of those cities differ essentially in manners, sentiments, and opinions; while, at the same time, they breathe an air so very much alike, that it is impossible to impute that difference, in any considerable degree, to difference of climate; and, perhaps, it may not be a difficult task to point out various other causes, which may enable us to account sufficiently for the distinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was sooner reduced within bounds than in *England*; and, in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch rose. But, no sooner was the authority of the crown established on a firm basis, than the court became an object of the first attention and importance. Every man of genius, of distinction, and of rank, hastened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to display, on the only proper theatre, those advantages which he possessed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus

Thus Paris, the ſeat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every day became more and more poliſhed; and no man who did not poſſeſs the talents neceſſary to make himſelf agreeable, could expect to riſe in the world, however great his abilities might otherwiſe be. The pleaſures of ſociety were cultivated with care and aſſiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them than that free intercourſe which ſoon came to take place between the ſexes. All men ſtudied to acquire thoſe graces and accompliſhments by which alone they could hope to recommend themſelves to the ladies, whoſe influence pervaded every branch of government, and every department of the ſtate.

In England, on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the Princes of the *Tudor* race, was of ſhort duration. A third order ſoon aroſe, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And, even after the conſtitution was at length happily ſettled, the Sovereign remained ſo limited in power and in revenue, that his court never acquired a degree of influence or ſplendor at all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become ſo great and opulent by its extenſive commerce, that the reſidence of the court

court could add little to that consideration in which it was already held. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris, was in London considered as a vice. There industry and frugality were so essentially requisite, that every elegant accomplishment was rejected as incompatible with those great commercial virtues.

The dark and gloomy spirit of fanaticism, which prevailed so universally in England during the last century, served as an additional barrier against the progress of politeness and elegance of manners. Add to this, that the English (owing perhaps to the superior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent spirit) have ever been more attached to a country-life than any civilized people in Europe; and this last circumstance, slight as it may appear, has perhaps had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man, who lives in retirement, may be sincere, open, honourable, above dissimulation, and free from disguise; but he never can possess that ease of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in society, and of conversing with persons of different ranks and different characters can bestow.

Let us not, however, repine at the superiority of our neighbours in this respect. It is, perhaps,

impossible

impossible to possess, at once, the useful and the agreeable qualities in an eminent degree; and if ease and politeness be only attainable at the expence of sincerity in the men, and chastity in the women, I flatter myself, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchase made at too high a price.

I have, of late, remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a disposition in some of the higher ranks to introduce into this island that species of gallantry which has so long prevailed in that nation. But, happily, neither the habits, the dispositions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our constitution necessarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greatest excesses a veil so delicate and so fine, as in some measure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to bestow upon it the semblance of virtue. But, with us, less delicate and less refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without disguise; and, were the gallantry of Paris transplanted into this soil, it would soon degenerate into gross debauchery. At present, my countrywomen are equally respected for their virtue, as admired for their beauty; and I trust it will be long before they cease to be so.

N° 19. TUESDAY, *March* 30, 1779.

MY friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early retirement, and long residence in the country, have given him many peculiarities, to which, had he continued longer in the world, and had a freer intercourse with mankind, he would probably not have been subject. These give to his manner an apparent hardness, which, in reality, is widely different from his natural disposition.

As he passes much time in study and solitude, and is naturally of a thoughtful cast, the subjects of which he reads, and the opinions which he forms, make a strong and deep impression on his mind; they become, as it were, friends and companions from whom he is unwilling to be separated. Hence he commonly shows a disposition to take a lead in, and give the tone to conversation, and delivers his opinions too much in the manner of a lecture. And, though his curiosity and love of information concur with that politeness which he is ever studious to observe, to make him listen with patience and attention to the opinions of others; yet, it must be confessed, that he is apt to deliver his own with an uncommon

common degree of warmth, and I have very seldom found him disposed to surrender them.

I find, however, nothing disagreeable in this peculiarity of my friend. The natural strength of his understanding, the extent of his knowledge, and that degree of taste which he has derived from a strong conception of the sublime, the tender, and the beautiful, assisted by an extensive acquaintance with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times, render his conversation, in many respects, both instructive and entertaining; and that singularity of opinion, which is the natural consequence of his want of opportunities of comparing his own ideas with those of others, affords me an additional pleasure. But, above all, I am delighted with the goodness of heart which breaks forth in every sentiment he delivers.

Mr. *Umphraville*'s sister, who is often present, and sometimes takes a part in those conversations, is of a character at once amiable and respectable.

In her earlier days, she spent much of her time in the perusal of novels and romances; but, though she still retains a partiality for the few works of that kind which are possessed of merit, her reading is now chiefly confined to works of a graver cast.

Miss

Miſs *Umphraville*, though ſhe has not ſo much learning, poſſeſſes, perhaps, no leſs ability as a woman, than her brother does as a man; and, having leſs peculiarity in her way of thinking, has, conſequently, a knowledge better fitted for common life. It is pleaſing to obſerve how Miſs *Umphraville*, while ſhe always appears to act an under-part, and, ſometimes, indeed, not to act a part at all, yet watches, with a tender concern, over the ſingularities of her brother's diſpoſition; and, without betraying the ſmalleſt conſciouſneſs of her power, generally contrives to direct him in the moſt material parts of his conduct.

Mr. *Umphraville* is the beſt maſter, and the beſt landlord, that ever lived. The rents of his eſtate have undergone ſcarce any alteration ſince he came to the poſſeſſion of it; and his tenants too are nearly the ſame. The ancient poſſeſſors have never been removed from motives of intereſt, or without ſome very particular reaſon; and the few new ones he has choſen to introduce are, for the moſt part, perſons who have been ſervants in his family, whoſe fidelity and attachment he has rewarded by a ſmall farm at a low rent.

I have had many a pleaſant converſation, about ſun-ſet in a ſummer evening, with thoſe venerable gray-headed villagers. Their knowledge

ledge of country-affairs, the ſagacity of their remarks, and the *manner*, acquired by a reſidence in Mr. *Umphraville*'s family, with which they are accuſtomed to deliver them, have afforded me much entertainment.

It is delightful to hear them run out in praiſes of their landlord. They have told me there is not a perſon in his neighbourhood, who ſtands in need of his aſſiſtance, who has not felt the influence of his generoſity; which, they ſay, endears him to the whole country. Yet, ſuch is the effect of that reſerved and particular manner which my friend has contracted, that, while his good qualities have procured him great eſteem, and the diſintereſtedneſs of his diſpoſition, with the opinion entertained of his honour and integrity, has always prevented him from falling into diſputes or quarrels with his neighbours, there is ſcarcely one of them with whom he lives on terms of familiarity.

Mr. *Umphraville*, in the earlier part of his life, had an attachment to an amiable young lady. Their ſituation at that time might have made an avowal of his paſſion equally fatal to both; and, though it was not without a ſevere ſtruggle, Mr. *Umphraville* had firmneſs enough to ſuppreſs the declaration of an attachment he was unable to ſubdue. The lady, ſome time after,

after, married; since that period, Mr. *Umphraville* has never seen her, or been known so much as once to mention her name; but, I am credibly informed, that, by his interest, her eldest son has obtained high preferment in the army. The only favour which Mr. *Umphraville* ever asked from any great man was for this young gentleman; but neither the lady herself, nor any of her family, know by whose influence his advancement has been procured.

Though it is possible, that, if Mr. *Umphraville* had married at an early period of life, his mind, even in a state of retirement, would have retained a polish, and escaped many of those peculiarities it has now contracted; yet, I own, I am rather inclined to believe his remaining single a fortunate circumstance. Nor have my fair readers any reason to be offended at the remark: great talents, even in a generous and benevolent mind, are sometimes attended with a certain want of pliability, which is ill-suited to the cordialities of domestic life. A man of such a disposition as Mr. *Umphraville* has now acquired, might consider the delicacy, the vivacity, and the fine shades of female character, as frivolous, and beneath attention; or, at least, might be unable, for any length of time, to receive pleasure from those indulgences, which minds of a softer

a ſofter mould may regard as the great and amiable perfection of what Mr. *Pope* calls

"*The laſt beſt work of Heaven.*"

With all thoſe reſpectable talents which Mrs *Umphraville* poſſeſſes, with all that generoſity of ſentiment, and goodneſs of heart, ſo conſpicuous in every thing he ſays or does, which ſo ſtrongly endear him to his friends, I am apt to think, that, in the very intimate connexion of the married life, a woman of delicacy and ſenſibility might often feel herſelf hurt by the peculiarities of character to which he is ſubject.

The ſituation of a *wife* is, in this reſpect, very different from that of a *ſiſter*. Miſs *Umphraville*'s obſervation of her brother's peculiarities, neither leſſens her eſteem, nor her affection for him; theſe peculiarities ſerve only to increaſe her attention to him, and to make her more ſolicitous to prevent their effects. But in that ſtill cloſer connection which ſubſiſts between huſband and wife, while the perception of his weakneſs might not have leſſened the wife's affection, it might have given her a diſtreſs which a ſiſter will not be apt to feel: a ſiſter may obſerve the weakneſſes of a brother without a bluſh, and endeavour to correct them

without

without being hurt; a wife might be able to do neither.

These views which I have given of Mr. *Umphraville*, and his family, may, perhaps, appear tedious to my readers. In giving this detail, I am afraid I have not sufficiently remembered, that, as they have not the same intimate acquaintance with that gentleman which I have, they will not feel the same interest in what relates to him.

L S

N° 20. SATURDAY, *April* 3, 1779.

Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ? VIRG.

WHILE ſo many ſubjects of contention occupy the votaries of buſineſs and ambition, and prove the ſource of diſcord, envy, jealouſy, and rivalſhip, among mankind, one would be apt to imagine, that the purſuits and employments of ſtudious and literary men would be carried on with calmneſs, good temper, and tranquillity. The philoſophic ſage, retired from the world, who has truth for the object of his inquiries, might be willing, it were natural to ſuppoſe, to give up his own ſyſtem, when he found it at variance with truth, and would never quarrel with another for adopting a different one; and the man of elegance and taſte, who has literary entertainment in view, would not, one ſhould think, find fault with the like amuſements of other men, or diſpute, with rancour or heat, upon mere matters of taſte. But the fact has been otherwiſe: the diſputes among the learned have, in every age, been carried on with the utmoſt virulence; and men, pretending to taſte, have railed at each other with unparalleled abuſe. Poſſibly the abſtraction from the

the world, in which the philoſopher lives, may render him more impatient of contradiction than thoſe who mix oftener with common ſocieties; and perhaps that fineneſs and delicacy of perception which the man of taſte acquires, may be more liable to irritation than the coarſer feelings of minds leſs cultivated and improved.

I have been led into theſe remarks by a converſation at which I happened lately to be preſent. Laſt week, having left with my Editor materials for my next paper, I went to the country for a few days, to pay a viſit to a friend, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Sylveſter*. *Sylveſter*, when a young man, had retired to the country, and having ſucceeded to a paternal eſtate, which was ſufficient for all his wants, had lived almoſt conſtantly at home. His time was ſpent chiefly in ſtudy, and he had publiſhed ſome performances which did honour to his genius and his knowledge. During all this time, *Sylveſter* was the regular correſpondent of a gentleman whom I ſhall here call *Alcander*, whoſe taſte and purſuits were in many reſpects ſimilar to his own. *Alcander*, though he was not an author like *Sylveſter*, had from nature a very delicate taſte, which had been much improved by culture. From a variety of accidents the two friends had not met for a great number

of

of years; but, while I was at *Sylveſter*'s houſe, he received a letter from *Alcander*, notifying that gentleman's being on his way to viſit him; and ſoon after he arrived accordingly.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the pleaſure which the two friends felt at meeting. After the firſt ſalutations, their diſcourſe took a literary turn. I was delighted as well as inſtructed with the remarks which were made upon men and books, by two perſons of extenſive information and accompliſhed taſte; and the warmth with which they made them, added a reliſh to their obſervations. The converſation laſted till it was very late, when my hoſt and his friend retired to their apartments, much pleaſed with each other, and in full expectation of additional entertainment from a continuation of ſuch intercourſe at the return of a new day.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, their literary diſcourſe was reſumed. It turned on a compariſon of the different genius and merit of the *French* and *Engliſh* authors. *Sylveſter* ſaid, he thought there was a power of reaſoning, a ſtrength of genius, and a depth of reflection in the *Engliſh* authors, of which the *French*, in general, were incapable; and that, in his opinion, the preference lay greatly on the ſide of the writers of our own country. *Alcander* begged leave to differ from him; he

admitted, there was an appearance of depth in many of the Engliſh authors, but he ſaid it was falſe and hollow. He maintained, that the ſeeking after ſomething profound, had led into many uſeleſs metaphyſical diſquiſitions, in which the writer had no real merit, nor could the reader find any real advantage. But the *French* authors, he ſaid, excelled in remarks on life and character, which, as they were founded on actual obſervation, might be attended with much utility, and, as they were expreſſed in the livelieſt manner, could not fail to give the higheſt entertainment. *Alcander*, in the courſe of his argument, endeavoured to illuſtrate it by a compariſon of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed authors of both countries. *Sylveſter*, finding thoſe writers whom he had ſtudied with attention, and imitated with ſucceſs, ſo warmly attacked, replied with ſome heat, as if he thought it tended to the diſparagement of his own compoſitions. *Sylveſter* ſaid ſomething about *French* frivolity; and *Alcander* replied with a ſarcaſm on metaphyſical abſurdity.

Finding the converſation take this unlucky turn, I endeavoured to change the ſubject; and from the compariſon of the *Engliſh* and *French* authors, took occaſion to mention that period of *Engliſh* literature, which has been

been frequently termed the *Auguſtan* age of *England*, when that *conſtellation* of wits appeared which illuminated the reign of *Queen Anne*.

But this ſubject of converſation was as unfortunate as the former. *Sylveſter* is a profeſſed admirer of *Swift*, to whom his attachment is perhaps heightened by a little *Toryiſm* in his political principles. *Alcander* is a keen *Whig*, and as great an admirer of *Addiſon*. As the converſation had grown rather warm on a general compariſon of the authors of one country with thoſe of another, ſo its warmth was much greater when the compariſon was made of two particular favourite authors. *Sylveſter* talked of the ſtrength, the dignity, the forcible obſervation, and the wit of *Swift*; *Alcander* of the eaſe, the graceſulneſs, the native and agreeable humour of *Addiſon*. From remarks upon their writings, they went to their characters. *Sylveſter* ſpoke in praiſe of openneſs and ſpirit, and threw out ſomething againſt envy, jealouſy, and meanneſs. *Alcander* inveighed againſt pride and ill-nature, and pronounced an eulogium on elegance, philanthropy, and gentleneſs of manners. *Sylveſter* ſpoke as if he thought no man of a candid and generous mind could be a lover of *Addiſon*; *Alcander*, as if none but a ſevere and ill-tempered one could endure *Swift*.

The ſpirits of the two friends were now heated to a violent degree, and not a little rankled at each other. I endeavoured again to give the diſcourſe a new direction, and, as if accidentally, introduced ſomething about *the Epiſtles of Phalaris*. I knew both gentlemen were maſters of the diſpute upon that ſubject, which has ſo much divided the learned, and I thought a dry queſtion of this ſort could not poſſibly intereſt them too much. But in this I was miſtaken. *Sylveſter* and *Alcander* took different ſides upon this ſubject, as they had done upon the former, and ſupported their opinions with no leſs warmth than before. Each of them catched fire from every thing his opponent ſaid, as if neither could think well of the judgment of that man who was of an opinion different from his own.

With this laſt debate the converſation ended. At our meeting next day, a formal politeneſs took place between *Sylveſter* and *Alcander*, very different from that openneſs and cordiality of manner which they ſhowed at their firſt meeting. The laſt, ſoon after, took his departure; and, I believe, neither of them felt that reſpect for each other's underſtanding, nor that warmth of affection, which they entertained before this viſit.

Alas!

Alas! the two friends did not conſider that it was their being too much alike, their being engaged in ſimilar employments, that changed their friendſhip into this coldneſs. Both attached to the ſame purſuits, and accuſtomed to indulge them chiefly in ſecluſion and ſolitude, they had been too little accuſtomed to bear contradiction. This impatience of contradiction had not been corrected in either, by attention to the feelings or views of others; and the warmth which each felt in ſupporting his own particular opinion, prevented him from giving the proper indulgence to a diverſity of opinion in the other.

N° 21. TUESDAY, *April* 6, 1779.

"THIS day's paper I devote to Corre-
"ſpondents. The firſt of the two let-
"ters it contains was brought to my Editor
"by a ſpruce footman, who, upon being aſk-
"ed whence he came, replied, from Mrs.
"*Meekly*'s."

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diſeaſes peculiar to the times in which they appeared, and the *Faculty* have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names, by which they might be diſtinguiſhed, it being a quality of great uſe and comfort in a phyſician to be able to tell preciſely of what diſorder his patient is likely to die. *The nervous* ſeems to be the ailment in greateſt vogue at preſent; a ſpecies of diſeaſe, which I am apt to conſider as not the leſs *terrible* for being leſs *mortal* than many others. I ſpeak not from perſonal experience, Mr. MIRROR; my own conſtitution, thank God! is pretty robuſt; but I have the misfortune to be afflicted with a *nervous wife*.

It

It is impoſſible to enumerate a twentieth part of the ſymptoms of this lamentable diſorder, or of the circumſtances by which its paroxyſms are excited or increaſed. Its dependance on the natural phænomena of the *wind* and *weather*, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moiſt or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in no worſe ſituation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whoſe figure I have ſeen in the little *Dutch* barometers, known by the name of *Baby-houſes*. But, beſide feeling the impreſſion of thoſe particulars, her diſorder is brought on by incidents ſtill more frequent, and leſs eaſy to be foreſeen, than even the occaſional changes in our atmoſphere. A perſon running haſtily up or down ſtairs, ſhutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left ſide of the grate, and the poker on the right, ſetting the china figures on the mantle-piece a little awry, or allowing the taſſel of the bell-ſtring to ſwing but for a moment; any of thoſe little accidents has an immediate and irreſiſtible effect on the nervous ſyſtem of my wife, and produces ſymptoms, ſometimes of languor, ſometimes of irritation, which I her huſband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above cauſes of her diſtemper, a very attentive and

diligent discharge of our several duties might possibly prevent; but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a similar or more violent nature. It was but the other day she told my boy *Dick* he eat his pudding so voraciously, as almost to make her faint, and remonstrated against my *sneezing* in the manner I did, which, she said, tore her poor *nerves* in pieces.

One thing I have observed peculiar to this disorder, which those conversant in the nature of sympathetic affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly similar causes, if such causes exist in dissimilar situations. I have known my wife *squeezed* for hours in a *side-box*, *dance* a whole night at a *ball*, have my Lord —— talking as fast and as *loud* to her as was possible there, and her nose assailed by the *stink* of a whole row of flambeaux, at going in and coming out, without feeling her *nerves* in the smallest degree affected; yet, the very day after, at home, she could not bear my chair, or the chair of one of the children, to come within several feet of hers; walking up stairs perfectly overcame her; none of us durst talk but in whispers; and the smell of my buttered roll made her sick to death.

As I reckon your paper a proper record for singular cases, and intolerable grievances of every

every ſort, I ſend the above for your inſertion, ſtating it according to its nature, in terms as phyſically deſcriptive as my little acquaintance with the healing art can ſupply.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This Correſpondent, as far as his wife's caſe falls within the department of the *phyſician*, I muſt refer to my very learned friends Doctors *Cullen* and *Monro*, who, upon being *properly attended*, will give him, I am perſuaded, as ſound advice as it is in the power of medical ſkill to ſuggeſt. In point of *prudence*, to which only my preſcriptions apply, I can adviſe nothing ſo proper for Mr. *Meekly* himſelf, as to imitate the conduct of the *huſband* of that little lady he deſcribes, the miſtreſs of the *Dutch Baby-houſe*; between whom and his wife, tho' there ſubſiſts a very intimate connection, there is yet a contract of a particular kind; whenever the *gentleman* is at home, the *lady* is abroad, and *vice verſa*. In their houſe, indeed, I do not obſerve any *children*; from which I conclude, that they have all been ſent to the academy and the boarding-ſchool.

I

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TO reconcile man to man, has been one of the great objects of moraliſts. They tell us, "that men have one common original, and "why ſhould relations quarrel;" but then a petulant wit interpoſes, and obſerves, that the original is not near enough to form a ſtrong connection; and, if the modern theory of volcanos be true, the original is ſo very diſtant as not to form any ſenſible connection at all. The Duke of Aremberg and Sir Thomas Urquhart may count kindred with the antediluvians; for the former has ſuch a pedigree preſerved at his caſtle in Hainault, and the latter has ſet forth his in print; but there are few genealogies ſo complete.

We are next told, "that all men are engaged "in one common journey through life, and "why ſhould they quarrel on the road?" The anſwer is but too obvious—we do not quarrel merely for the ſake of quarrelling; but, as we have opportunity, we take the road, and oblige others, for our conveniency, to yield it: while eagerly galloping to the next ſtage, we *beſpatter* thoſe who are in our way; we ſend a ſervant before to beſpeak the beſt beds at the inn, and

and the choice of the larder; and we make ourſelves as important and as troubleſome as we can, merely for our own convenience: nay, we bribe a waiter to give us all his attendance, and to let the other paſſengers ring till their arms ache; but it is all to render ourſelves as eaſy as poſſible.

The laſt conſideration is, "that we are all "haſtening to one common grave, and why "ſhould we quarrel *now*, ſince our quarrels "muſt be *ſoon* at an end?" This proves that our diſputes *muſt* be ſhort, not that they *may* not be ſharp.

I remember to have read ſomewhere of a people, I think to the north-weſt of Hungary, who had a name in their own language, which anſwers nearly to our word *brothers*, and who prided themſelves, for a while, in that whimſical appellation. Their tenets were ſimple and full of benevolence, and, in general, ſo plain, that thoſe who heard them for the firſt time, imagined that they had been previouſly acquainted with them. The men, of whom I ſpeak, could not have any *long conteſts*, for they were all haſtening to the common goal of mortality, yet their diſputes, although *ſhort*, were *ſharp*; early did they begin to *bite*, and, as ſoon as they gained ſtrength, they *devoured* each other, if the expreſſion may be allowed. According

to the Scottiſh phraſe, "they quarrelled about "the turning of a ſtraw;" they vexed, tormented, and proſcribed each other; nay, ſome aſſert that they cut throats; but ſtill they declared that they meant nothing perſonal, and, for a long while, they ſtill retained the name of *brothers*.

If that ſingular people, ſo full of benevolence, quarreled inceſſantly for any cauſe, or for no cauſe, how can it be expected that *we* ſhould walk through life to the grave with the calm and inoffenſive ſolemnity of mourners at an interment, eſpecially when ſo few of us have time to beſtow our thoughts on the grave and its conſequences.

It is impoſſible to reconcile man to man; but it is poſſible to bring individuals of the human race to a better underſtanding with each other.

I might dilate this propoſition in a feigned tale, or obſcure it by an allegory, but I rather chuſe to prove it in the courſe of a ſimple narrative of matter of fact.

While the Ducheſs of Marlborough enjoyed power little ſhort of ſovereign, ſhe frequently felt the ſatirical laſhes of Dr. Swift; and, when diſgraced, ſhe could not but remember them; for ſhe had a quick ſenſe of injuries, and her nature was not much inclined to forgiveneſs.

Thwarted

Thwarted ambition, great wealth, and increasing years, rendered her more and more peevish: She hated courts over which she had no influence, and she became at length the most ferocious animal that is suffered to go loose, a violent *party-woman*.

Every one knows, that as her Grace was obliged to descend from the highest round of the ladder of ambition, so the Doctor was not allowed to mount the first step; and his disappointment produced the like effects on him, as lost empire had done on her.

Yet the Duchess of Marlborough became the passionate admirer of her satirist, and was even willing to forgive him. The perusal of *Gulliver's Travels* produced this moral revolution in her sentiments; and that which debased the Author in the opinion of many of his friends, exalted him in the opinion of the Duchess of Marlborough.

There are now lying before me some original letters of that celebrated lady. "Dean Swift," says she, "gives the most exact account of "kings, ministers, bishops, and the courts of "justice, that is possible to be writ.—I could "not help wishing, since I read his books, "that we had had his assistance in the opposi-"tion—for I could easily forgive him all the "slaps he has given me and the Duke of Marl-"borough,

" borough, and have thanked him heartily, " whenever he would pleaſe to do good."

In another letter ſhe ſays, " I moſt heartily " wiſh that in this park I had ſome of the breed " of thoſe charming creatures Swift ſpeaks of, " and calls the *Houyhnhnms*, which I under- " ſtand to be *horſes*, ſo extremely polite, and " which had all manner of good converſation " and good principles, and that never told a lie, " and charmed him ſo that he could not en- " dure his own country when he returned: " he ſays there is a ſort of creature there called " *yahoos*, and of the ſame ſpecies with us, only " a good deal uglier, but they are kept tied " up, and by that glorious creature the horſes " are not permitted to do any miſchief. You will " think that I am *diſtracted* with Dean Swift, " but I really have not been pleaſed ſo much a " long time as with what he writes, and there- " fore I will end with one of his ſentences, " *that he mortally hates kings and miniſters.*"

Thus the Ducheſs " became diſtracted with " Dean Swift;" and, on account of his libel againſt human nature, " graciouſly pardoned " his libels againſt her own ſacred perſon."

But Dr. Swift knew not her favourable opinion of him; for he left in manuſcript a ſeverer invective againſt her than any that he had publiſhed in his lifetime. Pity that, for want

want of information, the misunderstanding should still have subsisted on his part! the good offices of a friend might easily have reconciled two persons so much connected with each other by the common ties of misanthropy.

I am, &c.

ADELUS.

N° 22. SATURDAY, *April* 10, 1779.

Sincerum cupimus vas incruſtare. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR MIRROR, it ſeems, poſſeſſes uncommon virtues, and you generouſly hold it out to the Public, that we may dreſs our characters at it. I truſt it is, at leaſt, a faithful glaſs, and will give a juſt repreſentation of thoſe lurking imperfections or excellencies which we diſtinguiſh with difficulty, or ſometimes altogether overlook. I ſtruggle, therefore, to get forward in the crowd, and to ſet before your moral MIRROR a perſonage who has long embarraſſed me.

The obſervation of character, when I firſt looked beyond a college for happineſs, formed not only my amuſement, but, for ſome years, my favourite ſtudy. I had been ſo fortunate as early to imbibe ſtrict notions of morality and religion, and to arrive at manhood in perfect ignorance of vicious pleaſure. My heart was, therefore, led to place its hopes of happineſs in love and friendſhip: But books had taught me to dread miſplacing my affections. On this account,

account, anxious to gratify the *ſoif d'aimer* that engroſſed me, I bent the whole of my little talents to diſcern the characters of my acquaintance; and, blending ſentiments of religion with high notions of moral excellence, and the refined intercourſe of cultivated minds, I fondly hoped, that, where I once formed an attachment, it would laſt for ever.

In this ſtate of mind I became acquainted with Cleone. She was young and beautiful, but without that dimpling play of features which indicates, in ſome women, a mind of extreme ſenſibility. Her eye beſpoke good ſenſe, and was ſometimes lighted up with vivacity, but never ſparkled with the keenneſs of unreſtrained joy, nor melted with the ſuffuſion of indulged ſorrow. Her manner and addreſs had no tendency to familiarity; it was genteel, rather than graceful. Her voice in converſation was ſuited to her manner; it poſſeſſed thoſe level tones which never offend, but ſeldom give pleaſure, and ſeldomer emotion.

Her converſation was plain and ſenſible. Never attempting wit or humour, ſhe contented herſelf with expreſſing, in correct and unaffected language, juſt ſentiments on manners, and on works of taſte: And the genius ſhe diſplayed in compoſitions becoming her ſex, and the propriety of her own conduct, did honour

to

to her criticisms. She sung with uncommon excellence. Her voice seemed to unfold itself in singing, to suit every musical expression, and to assume every tone of passion she wished to utter. I never felt the power of simple melody in agitating, affecting, and pleasing, more strongly than from her performance.

In company she was attentive, ~~prevenant~~, but not insinuating; and, though she seemed to court the society of men of letters and taste, and to profess having intimate friendships with some individuals among them, I never could perceive that she was subject to the common weakness of making a parade of this kind of intercourse.

Most people would suppose that I had found in Cleone, the friend I was seeking; for both of us knew we could never be nearer than friends to each other, and she treated me with some distinction. I found it, however, impossible to know her so well as to place in her the complete confidence essential to friendship. The minutest attention to every circumstance in her appearance and behaviour, and studying her for years in all the little varieties of situation that an intimate acquaintance gave access to observe, proved unequal to discover, with certainty, the genuine character of her disposition or temper. No caprice betrayed her: No predominant

dominant ſhade could be marked in her tears, in her laugh, or in her ſmiles. Sometimes, however, I have thought ſhe breathed a ſoftneſs of ſoul that tempted me to believe her generous; but, when I conſidered a little, the inner receſſes of her heart appeared ſtill ſhut againſt the obſerver; and I well knew, that even poignant ſenſibility is not inconſiſtent with predominant ſelfiſhneſs.

When contemplating Cleone, I have often thought of that beautiful trait in the deſcription of Petrarca's Laura: "Il lampeggiar dell' "angelico riſo *." Theſe flaſhes of affection breaking from the ſoul, alone diſplay the truth, generoſity, and tenderneſs, that deſerve a friend. Theſe gleams from the heart ſhow us all its intricacies, its weakneſs and its vigour, and expoſe it naked and undiſguiſed to the ſpectator. A ſingle minute will, in this way, give more knowledge of a character, and juſtly, therefore, attract more confidence, than twenty years experience of refinement of taſte and propriety of conduct.

I am willing to believe it was ſome error in education which had wrapt up Cleone's character in ſo much obſcurity, and not any natural defect that rendered it prudent to be inviſible. If there is an error of this kind, I hope

* The lightning of her angel ſmile.

your

your Mirror will expoſe it, and prevent it from robbing ſuperior minds of their beſt reward – the confidence of each other.

In the preſent ſtate of ſociety, we have few opportunities of exhibiting our true characters by our actions; and the habits of the world ſoon throw upon our manners a veil that is impenetrable to others, and nearly ſo to ourſelves. Hence the only period when we can form friendſhips is a few years in youth; for there is a reſerve in the deportment, and a certain ſelfiſhneſs in the occupations of manhood, unfavourable to the forming of warm attachments. It is, therefore, fatal to the very ſource of friendſhip, if, when yet children, we are to be prematurely bedaubed with the varniſh of the world. And yet, I fear, this is the neceſſary effect of modern education.

In place of cheriſhing the amiable ſimplicity and frankneſs of children, every emanation of the heart is checked by the conſtant reſtraints, diſſimulation, and frivolous forms of faſhionable addreſs, with which we haraſs them. Hence they are nearly the ſame at fourteen as at five-and-twenty, when, after a youth ſpent in joyleſs diſſipation, they enter life, ſlaves to ſelfiſh appetites and reigning prejudices, and devoid of that virtuous energy of ſoul which ſtrong attachments, and the habits of deſerved confidence, inſpire.

inſpire. Even thoſe who, like Cleone, poſſeſs minds ſuperior to the common mould, though they cultivate their talents with ſucceſs, and, in ſome meaſure, educate themſelves anew, find it impoſſible to get rid entirely of that artificial manner, and thoſe habits of reſtraint, with which they had been ſo early imbued.

Thus, like French tailors and dancing-maſters, pretending to add grace and ornament to nature, we conſtrain, diſtort, and incumber her; whereas the education of a poliſhed age ſhould, like the drapery of a fine ſtatue or portrait, confer decency, propriety, and elegance, and gracefully veil, but by no means conceal, the beautiful forms of nature.

LÆLIUS.

N° 23. TUESDAY, *April* 13, 1779.

Et iſti
Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
HOR.

I WAS lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he ſaid, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was deſirous of doing a particular piece of ſervice, in which he thought my aſſiſtance might be uſeful: "Poor fellow!" ſaid he, "I wiſh to "ſerve him, becauſe I always knew him, diſ-"ſipated and thoughtleſs as he was, to be a "*good-hearted* man, guilty of many impru-"dent things, indeed, but without meaning "any harm! In ſhort, *no one's enemy but his* "*own.*"

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumſtances of this gentleman's life and converſation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to ſhow them what they are to underſtand by the terms uſed by my friend, terms which, I believe, he was no wiſe ſingular in uſing.

The perſon whoſe intereſts he eſpouſed, was heir to a very conſiderable eſtate. He

loſt his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only ſon, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not ſuffered to play with his equals, becauſe he was to be the king of all ſports, and to be allowed a ſovereign and arbitrary dominion over the perſons and properties of his play-fellows. At ſchool he was attended by a ſervant, who helped him to *thraſh* boys who were too ſtrong to be thraſhed by himſelf, and had a tutor at home, who tranſlated the Latin which was too hard for him to tranſlate. At college he began to aſſume the *man*, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the Profeſſor with whom he was boarded. He took in ſucceſſion the *degrees* of a *wag*, a *pickle*, and a *lad of mettle*. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a *diſſipated dog*; but, at laſt, betaking himſelf entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an *honeſt fellow*; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to ſcore, for his reckoning.

During

During this laſt part of his progreſs, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a miſtaken idea of his fortune, forced to ſacrifice herſelf to his wiſhes. After a very ſhort ſpace, he grew too indifferent about her to uſe her ill, and broke her heart with the beſt-natured neglect in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurſe ſoon after the death of its mother; the eldeſt, a boy of ſpirit like his father, after twice running away from ſchool, was at laſt ſent aboard a *Guinea-man*, and was knocked on the head by a ſailor, in a quarrel about a Negro wench, on the coaſt of Africa.

Generoſity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Beſide lending money genteelly to many worthleſs companions, and becoming ſurety for every man who aſked him, he did *ſome* truly charitable actions to very deſerving objects. Theſe were told to his honour; and people who had met with refuſals from more conſiderate men, ſpoke of ſuch actions as the genuine teſt of feeling and humanity. They miſinterpreted ſcripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his *charity*, and extolled the goodneſs of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother, during her laſt illneſs, was obliged to accept of money from her phyſician,

ſician, becauſe ſhe could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after her deceaſe, his two ſiſters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the ſmall annuity left them by their father, he was called a *good-hearted* man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their cloaths, rather than diſtreſs him, thoſe ſiſters commenced a law-ſuit to force him to do them juſtice, the ſame impartial judges pronounced them *hard-hearted* and *unnatural*: nay, the ſtory is ſtill told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from ſtarving, out of the profits of a little ſhop which they were then obliged to ſet up for their ſupport.

The abuſe of the terms uſed by my friend, in regard to the character of this misfortunate man, would be ſufficiently ſtriking from the relation I have given, without the neceſſity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the miſapplication of them is a thouſand times repeated by people who have known and felt inſtances, equally glaring, of ſuch injuſtice. It may ſeem invidious to leſſen the praiſes of any praiſe-worthy quality; but it is eſſential to the intereſts of virtue, that *inſenſibility* ſhould not be allowed to aſſume the title of *good-nature*, nor *profuſion* to uſurp the honours of *generoſity*.

The effect of such misplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to censure, and discourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and sober characters. If we look into the private histories of unfortunate families, we shall find most of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the useful duties of sobriety, œconomy, and attention to domestic concerns, which, though they shine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often subject to its obloquy, are yet the surest guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

Be just before you are generous, is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much-admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a sentimental period. But what right have those squanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to assume the merit of *generosity?* Is parting with that money, which they value so little, *generosity?* Let them restrain their dissipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that these bring ruin on the persons and families of the honest and the industrious; let them sacrifice one pleasure to humanity, and then tell us of their *generosity* and their *feeling*. A transient instance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his

his purſe, or the thoughtleſs debauchee promoted merit by his intereſt, no more deſerves the appellation of *generoſity*, than the raſhneſs of a *drunkard* is intitled to the praiſes of *valour*, or the freaks of a *madman* to the laurels of *genius*.

In the character of a man, conſidered as a being of any reſpect at all, we immediately ſee a relation to his friends, his neighbours, and his country. His duties only confer real *dignity*, and, what may not be ſo eaſily allowed, but is equally true, can beſtow real *pleaſure*. I know not an animal more inſignificant, or leſs happy, than a man without any ties of affection, or any exerciſe of duty. He muſt be very forlorn, or very deſpicable, indeed, to whom it is poſſible to apply the phraſe uſed by my friend, in characterizing the perſon whoſe ſtory I have related above, and to ſay, that he is *no one's enemy but his own*.

V

N° 24. SATURDAY, *April* 17, 1779.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto.
HOR.

NATURE is for ever before us. We can, as often as we please, contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imaginations with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colours of an evening sky, or the windings of a limpid river. We may dwell with rapture on those more sublime exhibitions of nature, the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice, that lift the soul with delightful amazement, and seem almost to suspend her exertions. These beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favourite subjects with the poet and the painter; they charm us in description, or they glow upon canvas. Indeed, the imitations of eminent artists have been held on an equal footing, in regard to the pleasure they yield, with the works of Nature herself, and have sometimes been deemed superior. This subject deserves attention; how it happens, that the descriptions of the poet, and the imitations

tions of the painter, ſeem to communicate more delight than the things they deſcribe or imitate.

In eſtimating the reſpective merits of nature and of art, it will readily be admitted, that the preference, in every ſingle object, is due to the former. Take the ſimpleſt bloſſom that blows, obſerve its tints or its ſtructure, and you will own them unrivalled. What pencil, how animated ſoever, can equal the glories of the ſky at ſun-ſet? or, can the repreſentations of moon-light, even by Homer, Milton, and Shakeſpeare, be more exquiſitely finiſhed than the real ſcenery of a moon-light night?

If the poet and painter are capable of yielding ſuperior pleaſure, in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their great original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their ſkill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight, by attending not merely to unity of deſign, but to unity, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, in the feelings they would excite. In the works of Nature, unleſs ſhe has been ornamented and reformed by the taſte of an ingenious improver, intentions of this ſort are very ſeldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, ſolemn, tranquil, impetuous, and fan-

taſtic, are thrown together, without any regard to the influences of arrangement, or to the conſiſtency of their effects on the mind. The elegant artiſt, on the contrary, though his works be adorned with unbounded variety, ſuggeſts only thoſe objects that excite ſimilar or kindred emotions, and excludes every thing of an oppoſite, or even of a different tendency. If the ſcene he deſcribes be ſolemn, no lively nor fantaſtic image can have admiſſion: but if, in a ſprightly mood, he diſplays ſcenes of feſtivity, every penſive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus the figures he delineates have one undivided direction; they make one great and entire impreſſion.

To illuſtrate this remark, let us obſerve the conduct of Milton in his two celebrated poems, *Allegro*, and *Il Penſeroſo*.

In the *Allegro*, meaning to excite a chearful mood, he ſuggeſts a variety of objects; for variety, by giving conſiderable exerciſe to the mind, and by not ſuffering it to reſt long on the ſame appearance, occaſions briſk and exhilarating emotions. Accordingly, the poet ſhews us, at one glance, and, as it were, with a ſingle daſh of his pen,

Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains,

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

The objects themselves are cheerful; for, besides having brooks, meadows, and flowers, we have the whistling plowman, the singing milk-maid, the mower whetting his scythe, and the shepherd piping beneath a shade. These images, so numerous, so various, and so cheerful, are animated by lively contrasts: We have the mountains opposed to the meadows, "Shal-" low brooks and rivers wide." Add to this, that the charms of the landscape are heightened by the bloom of a smiling season; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a summer morning.

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight.

Every image is lively; every thing different is with-held; all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now observe the conduct of his *Il Penseroso*. This poem is, in every respect, an exact counterpart to the former. And the in-

tention of the poet being to promote a ſerious and ſolemn mood, he removes every thing lively: "Hence vain deluding joys." He quits ſociety; he chuſes ſilence, and opportunities for deep reflection; "Some ſtill removed place will fit." The objects he preſents are few. In the quotation, beginning with "Ruſſet lawns," there are eight leading images: in the following, of equal length, there is only one:

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The ſounds that can be, in any reſpect, agreeable to him, muſt correſpond with his preſent humour: Not the ſong of the milk-maid, but that of the nightingale; not the whiſtling plowman, but the ſound of the curfeu. His images ſucceed one another ſlowly, without any rapid or abrupt tranſitions, without any enlivening contraſts; and he will have no other light for his landſcape than that of the moon: Or, if he cannot enjoy the ſcene without doors, he will have no other light within than that of dying embers, or of a ſolitary lamp at midnight. The time, and the place he chuſes for his retreat,

treat, are perfectly suited to his employment; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in considering

> What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
> Th' immortal mind.

Every image is solemn; every thing different is with-held: Here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great measure, to this attention in the writer, to preserve unity and consistency of sentiment, that, notwithstanding considerable imperfections in the language and versification, *Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* have so many admirers.

The skill of the poet and painter, in forming their works so as to excite kindred and united emotions, deserves the greater attention, that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature with the mere perception of external objects, as with the general influences of their union and correspondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern, or that cascade, which affords them all their enjoyment; they derive their chief pleasure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern, and the cascade. A person of sensibility will be less able, perhaps, than another, to give an exact account of the different parts of an

exquisite landscape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the general effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. The impulse, however, is tender, and cannot be described. Indeed, it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular, to the works of the poet. Verses may be polished, and may glow with excellent imagery; but, unless, like the poems of Parnel, or the lesser poems of Milton, they please by their enchanting influence on the heart, and, by exciting feelings that are consistent, or of a similar tendency, they are never truly delightful. Horace, I think, expresses this sentiment, when he says, in the words of my motto,

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto;

and an attention to this circumstance is so important, that, along with some other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at least, to rival the works of Nature.

N° 25. TUESDAY, *April* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particular sort of grievance felt by the families of men of small fortunes, from their acquaintance with those of great ones. I am emboldened by the favourable reception of my first letter to write you a second upon the same subject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a visit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighbourhood, and of the effects which that visit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore them to their former situation, when, unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ———. This, Sir, was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendence of my plows in a field I have lately inclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome

gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of *honest friend*, if this was not Mr. *Homespun*'s; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was *Homespun*, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me *honest*, said, he was dispatched by Lady ———, with her compliments to Mrs. *and* Misses *Homespun*, and that, if convenient, she intended herself the honour of dining with them, on her return from B—— park (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood).

I confess, Mr. MIRROR, I was struck somewhat of an heap with the message; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate answer, had it not been overheard by my eldest daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a stranger. "Mr. "*Papillot*," said she immediately, "I rejoice "to see you; I hope your Lady and all the "family are well." "Very much at your ser-"vice, Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my Lady sent me before, with the offer of "her best compliments, and that, if conve-"nient"—and so forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honour," said my young Madam; "let her ladyship know

"how

"how happy her visit will make us; but, "in the mean time, Mr. *Papillot*, give your "horse to one of the servants, and come in "and have a glass of something after your "ride." "I am afraid," answered he (pulling out his right-hand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir? the fellow had one in each fob), "I shall hardly have time to meet my "Lady at the place she appointed me." On a second invitation, however, he dismounted, and went into the house, leaving his horse to the care of the *servants*; but the *servants*, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; so I, who have a liking for a good horse, and cannot bear to see him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. *Papillot*'s in the stable myself.

After about an hour's stay, for the gentleman seemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. *Papillot* departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, observed how handsome he was; and added another observation, that it was only to particular friends my Lady sent messages by him, who was her own body servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark: I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it is not my way to say much; I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet,

as

as I said before, Mr. MIRROR, I would not have you think me hen-peck'd.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her Ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made, by purchasing, borrowing, &c. to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My little grey poney, which I keep for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty easily; women, I observe, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of apparelling me for the occasion. A laced suit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very first attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable; so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the above-mentioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed, indeed, to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped,

ped, curled, and powdered, for the part of *butler*; one of the beſt-looking plow-boys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat to make him paſs for a ſervant in livery; and we borrowed my ſon-in-law the parſon's man for a third hand.

All this was accompliſhed, though not without ſome tumult and diſorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpoſe than we looked for, as it was near ſix o'clock before ſhe arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had buſtled, ſweated, and ſcolded for, was ſo over-boiled, over-ſtewed, and over-roaſted, that it needed the appetite of ſo late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in theſe matters: luckily her Ladyſhip, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape, now that ſmall waiſts have come into faſhion again.

The dinner, however, though ſpoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her Ladyſhip's train made ſhift to eat the greateſt part of it. When I ſay her *train*, I do not mean her ſervants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, beſides the illuſtrious Mr. *Papillot*, and her Ladyſhip's maid, gentlewoman I ſhould ſay, who had a table to themſelves.

Her parlour-attendants were equally numerous, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, who had accompanied her Ladyship in this excursion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their servants to do the same, though we had never seen or heard of them before.

During the progress of this entertainment, there were several little embarrassments which might appear ridiculous in description, but were matters of serious distress to us. Soup was spilled, dishes overturned, and glasses broken, by the aukwardness of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's solicitude (who, to do her justice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her Ladyship's arrival, it was impossible that dinner could be over before it was dark; this, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make

room

room for our noble gueſt. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and ſlept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were intitled to the greateſt degree of reſpect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my ſon-in-law's. My two eldeſt daughters had, indeed, little time to ſleep, being cloſeted the greateſt part of the night with their right honourable viſitor. My offices were turned topſy-turvy for the accommodation of the ſervants of my gueſts, and my own horſes turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my ſtable.

All theſe are hardſhips of their kind, Mr. MIRROR, which the honour that accompanies them ſeems to me not fully to compenſate; but theſe are ſlight grievances, in compariſon with what I have to complain of as the effects of this viſit. The malady of my two eldeſt daughters is not only returned with increaſed violence upon them, but has now communicated itſelf to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent diſcreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expence as neceſſary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped ſome broad hints, that a winter in town is neceſſary to the accompliſhment of one. My two younger

daughters

daughters have got the *heads* that formerly belonged to their elder ſiſters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great Lady preſented a ſet of feathers, for which new *heads* were eſſentially requiſite.

The inſide of all of them has undergone a very ſtriking metamorphoſis, from this one night's inſtruction of their viſitor. There is, it ſeems, a faſhion in *morality*, as well as in dreſs; and the preſent mode is not quite ſo ſtrait-laced as the ſtays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of ſuch a gentleman's *connection* with Miſs C——, and ſuch another's *arrangement* with Lady G——, with all the eaſe in the world; yet theſe words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing leſs than *fornication* and *adultery*. I ſometimes remonſtrate warmly, eſpecially when I have my ſon-in-law to back me, againſt theſe new-fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a *father* and a *parſon* may preach as they pleaſe, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help obſerving, that my Lady ——— never mentioned her abſent Lord (who, I underſtand, is ſeldom of her parties), except ſometimes to let us know how much ſhe differed in opinion from him.

This

This contempt of authority, and affectation of fashion, has gone a step lower in my household. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and stolen my flour to powder it, ever since he saw Mr. *Papillot*; and yesterday he gave me warning that he should leave me next term, if I did not take him into the house, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who washes my daughters linens, sitting, the other afternoon, dressed in one of their cast fly-caps, entertaining the same oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-servants, with tea, forsooth; and when I quarreled her for it, she replied, that Mrs. *Dimmity*, my Lady ———'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at ——— had tea, and saw company of an afternoon.

But I am resolved on a reformation, Mr. MIRROR, and shall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be master of my own house and my own expences, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greatest Lord in Christendom. Yet I confess I am always for trying gentle methods first. I beg, therefore, that you will insert this in your next paper, and add to it some exhortations of your own to prevail on them, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which

which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in *great folks*, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Mr. Homeſpun's relation, too valuable to be ſhortened, leaves me not room at preſent for any obſervations. But I have ſeen the change of manners among ſome of my countrywomen, for ſeveral years paſt, with the moſt ſenſible regret; and I intend ſoon to devote a paper to a ſerious remonſtrance with them on the ſubject.

Z

N° 26. SATURDAY, *April* 24, 1779.

NOTHING can give a truer picture of the manners of any particular age, or point out more ſtrongly thoſe circumſtances which diſtinguiſh it from others, than the change that takes place in the rules eſtabliſhed as to the external conduct of men in ſociety, or in what may be called the ſyſtem of politeneſs.

It were abſurd to ſay, that, from a man's external conduct, we are always to judge of the feelings of his mind; but, certainly, when there are rules laid down for men's external behaviour to one another, we may conclude, that there are ſome general feelings prevalent among the people which dictate thoſe rules, and make a deviation from them be conſidered as improper. When at any time, therefore, an alteration in thoſe general rules takes place, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the change has been produced by ſome alteration in the feelings, and in the ideas of propriety and impropriety of the people.

Whoever conſiders the rules of external behaviour eſtabliſhed about a century ago, muſt be convinced, that much leſs attention was then paid by men of high rank to the feelings

of

of thoſe beneath them, than in the preſent age. In that æra, a man uſed to meaſure out his complaiſance to others according to the degree of rank in which they ſtood, compared with his own. A Peer had a certain manner of addreſs and ſalutation to a Peer of equal rank, a different one to a Peer of an inferior order, and, to a commoner, the mode of addreſs was diverſified according to the antiquity of his family, or the extent of his poſſeſſions; ſo that a ſtranger who happened to be preſent at the levee of a great man, could, with tolerable certainty, by examining his features, or attending to the lowneſs of his bow, judge of the different degrees of dignity among his viſitors.

Were it the purpoſe of the preſent paper, this might be traced back to a very remote period. By the *Earl of Northumberland's houſehold book*, begun in the year 1512, it appears, that my Lord's *board-end*, that is to ſay, the end of the table where he and his principal gueſts were ſeated, was ſerved with a different and more delicate ſort of viands, than thoſe allotted to the lower end. "*It is thought* "*good*," ſays that curious record, "*that no* "*pluvers be brought at no time but only in* "*Chriſtmas, and principal feaſts, and my Lord*

"*to*

"*to be ſerved therewith, and his board-end, and* "*no other* *."

In this country, and in a period nearer our own times, we have heard of a Highland chieftain, who died not half a century ago, remarkable for his hoſpitality, and for having his table conſtantly crowded with a number of gueſts; poſſeſſing a high idea of the dignity of his family, and warmly attached to ancient manners, he was in uſe very nicely to diſcriminate, by his behaviour to them, the ranks of the different perſons he entertained. The head of the table was occupied by himſelf, and the reſt of the company ſat nearer or more remote from him according to their reſpective ranks. All, indeed, were allowed to partake of the ſame *food*; but, when the liquor was produced, which was, at that time, and perhaps ſtill is in ſome parts of Scotland, accounted the principal part of a feaſt, a different ſort of beverage was aſſigned to the gueſts, according to their different dignities. The landlord himſelf, and his family, or near relations, drank wine of the beſt kind; to perſons next in degree, was allotted wine of

* The line of diſtinction was marked by a large *Saltſeller*, placed in the middle of the table, above which, at *my Lord's board-end*, ſat the diſtinguiſhed gueſts, and below it thoſe of an inferior claſs.

an

an inferior ſort; and to gueſts of a ſtill lower rank, were allowed only thoſe liquors which were the natural produce of the country. This diſtinction was agreeable to the rules of politeneſs at that time eſtabliſhed: the entertainer did not feel any thing diſagreeable in making it; nor did any of the entertained think themſelves intitled to take this *treatment amiſs*.

It muſt be admitted, that a behaviour of this ſort would not be conſonant to the rules of politeneſs eſtabliſhed in the preſent age. A man of good breeding now conſiders the ſame degree of attention to be due to every man in the rank of a gentleman, be his fortune, or the antiquity of his family, what it may; nay, a man of real politeneſs will feel it rather more incumbent on him to be attentive and complaiſant to his inferiors in theſe reſpects, than to his equals. The idea which in modern times is entertained of politeneſs, points out ſuch a conduct. It is founded on this, that a man of a cultivated mind is taught to feel a greater degree of pleaſure in attending to the eaſe and happineſs of people with whom he mixes in ſociety, than in ſtudying his own. On this account he gives up what would be agreeable to his own taſte, becauſe he finds more ſatisfaction in humouring the taſte of others. Thus, a gentleman, now-a-days, takes the

loweſt

loweſt place at his own table; and, if there be any delicacy there, it is ſet apart for his gueſts. The entertainer finds a much more ſenſible pleaſure in beſtowing it on them, than in taking it to himſelf.

From the ſame cauſe, if a gentleman be in company with another not ſo opulent as himſelf, or, however worthy, not poſſeſſed of the ſame degree of thoſe adventitious honours which are held in eſteem by the world, politeneſs will teach the former to pay peculiar attention and obſervation to the latter. Men, even of the higheſt minds, when they are firſt introduced into company with their ſuperiors in rank or fortune, are apt to feel a certain degree of awkwardneſs and uneaſineſs which it requires ſome time and habit to wear off. A man of fortune or of rank, if poſſeſſed of a ſenſible mind and real politeneſs, will feel, and be at particular pains to remove this. Hence he will be led to be rather more attentive to thoſe who, in the eyes of the multitude, are reckoned his inferiors, than to others who are more upon a footing with him.

It is not propoſed, in this paper, to enquire what are the cauſes of the difference of men's ideas, as to the rules of politeneſs in this and the former age. It is ſufficient to obſerve, and the reflection is a very pleaſant one, that the

modern rules of good breeding muſt give us a higher idea of the humanity and refinement of this age than of the former; and, though the mode of behaviour above mentioned may not be univerſally obſerved in practice, yet it is hoped it will not be diſputed, that it is conſonant to the rules which are now pretty generally eſtabliſhed.

It ought, however, to be obſerved, that when we ſpeak, even at this day, of good-breeding, of politeneſs, of complaiſance, theſe expreſſions are always confined to our behaviour towards thoſe who are conſidered to be in the rank of gentlemen; but no ſyſtem of politeneſs or of complaiſance is eſtabliſhed, at leaſt in this country, for our behaviour to thoſe of a lower ſtation. The rules of good-breeding do not extend to them; and he may be eſteemed the beſt-bred man in the world who is a very brute to his ſervants and dependents.

This I cannot help conſidering as a matter of regret, and it were to be wiſhed that the ſame humanity and refinement which recommends an equal attention to all in the rank of Gentlemen, would extend ſome degree of that attention to thoſe who are in ſtations below them.

It will require but little obſervation to be ſatisfied that all men, in whatever ſituation, are endowed with the ſame ſeelings (though

education

education or example may give them a different modification), and that one in the loweſt rank of life may be ſenſible of a piece of inſolence, or an affront, as well as one in the higheſt. Nay, it ought to be conſidered, that the greater the diſproportion of rank, the affront will be the more ſenſibly felt; the greater the diſtance from which it comes, and the more unable the perſon affronted to revenge it, by ſo much the heavier will it fall.

It is not meant that, in our tranſactions with men of a very low ſtation, and who, from their circumſtances, and the wants of ſociety, muſt be employed in ſervile labour, we are to behave, in all reſpects, as to thoſe who are in the rank of gentlemen. The thing is impoſſible, and ſuch men do not expect it. But, in all our intercourſe with them, we ought to conſider that they are men poſſeſſed of like feelings with ourſelves, which nature has given them, and no ſituation can or ought to eradicate. When we employ them in the labour of life, it ought to be our ſtudy to demand that labour in the manner eaſieſt to them; and we ſhould never forget, that gentleneſs is part of the *wages* we owe them for their ſervice.

Yet how many men, in other reſpects of the beſt and moſt reſpectable characters, are, from

inadvertency, or the force of habit, deaf to those considerations! and, indeed, the thing has been so little attended to, that in this, which has been called a polite age, complaisance to servants and dependants is not, as I have already observed, at least in this country, considered as making any part of politeness.

But there is another set of persons still more exposed to be treated roughly than even domestic servants, and these are the *waiters* at inns and taverns. Between a master and servant a certain connection subsists, which prevents the former from using the latter very ill. The servant, if he is good for any thing, naturally forms an attachment to his master and to his interest, which produces a mutual intercourse of kindness between them. But no connection of this sort can be formed with the temporary attendants above mentioned. Hence the monstrous abuse which such persons frequently suffer; every traveller, and every man who enters a tavern, thinks he is intitled to vent his own ill humour upon them, and vollies of curses are too often the only language they meet with.

Having mentioned the waiters in inns and taverns, I cannot avoid taking particular notice of the treatment to which those of the female sex, who are employed in places of that sort,

ſort, are often expoſed. Their ſituation is, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. If a girl in an inn happen to be handſome, and a parcel of young thoughtleſs fellows caſt their eyes upon her, ſhe is immediately made the ſubject of taunt and merriment; coarſe and indecent jokes are often uttered in her hearing, and converſation ſhocking to modeſt ears is frequently addreſſed to her. The poor girl, all the while, is at a loſs how to behave; if ſhe venture on a ſpirited anſwer, the probable conſequence will be to raiſe the mirth of the facetious company, and to expoſe her to a repetition of inſults. If, guided by the feelings of modeſty, ſhe avoid the preſence of the impertinent gueſts, ſhe is complained of for neglecting her duty; ſhe loſes the little perquiſite which, otherwiſe, ſhe would be intitled to; perhaps diſobliges her miſtreſs, and loſes her place. Whoever attends but for a moment to the caſe of a poor girl ſo ſituated, if he be not loſt to all ſenſe of virtue, muſt feel his heart relent at the cruelty of taking advantage of ſuch a ſituation. But the misfortune is, that we ſeldom attend to ſuch caſes at all; we ſometimes think of the fatigues and ſufferings incident to the bodies of our inferiors; but we ſcarcely ever allow any ſenſe of pain to their minds.

Among the *French*, whom we mimic in much *falſe* politeneſs, without learning from

them, as we might do, much of the *true*, the obſervances of good breeding are not confined merely to gentlemen, but extend to perſons of the loweſt ranks. Thus, a *Frenchman* hardly ever addreſſes his ſervant without calling him *Monſieur*, and the meaneſt woman in a country village is addreſſed by the appellation of *Madame*. The accoſting, in this manner, people of ſo very low a rank, in the ſame terms with thoſe ſo much their ſuperiors, may perhaps appear extravagant; but the practice ſhews how much that refined and elegant people are attentive to the feelings of the meaneſt, when they have extended the rules and ceremonial of politeneſs even to them.

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N° 27. TUESDAY, *April* 27, 1779.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clamorous ſorrow.

LEE'S THEODOSIUS.

A Very amiable and much reſpected friend of mine, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of loſing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whoſe ſoul was the manſion of every virtue, and of every elegant accompliſhment. She was ſuddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the beſt and moſt affectionate of huſbands. A perfect ſimilarity of temper and diſpoſition, a kindred delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each ſucceeding year ſeemed but to add new ſtrength to their affection. Though poſſeſſed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleaſures of the capital. In the cultivation of their eſtate, in cheriſhing the virtuous induſtry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful ſeat, in the ſociety of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little

children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. *Wentworth* and his *Amelia* found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge, then, what must have been Mr. *Wentworth*'s feelings, when *Amelia* was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hastened thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences, of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of *Amelia*; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stopped at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown grey-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, "Well, William, how is Mr. Went-"worth?" The old man, turning about

with

with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, "Sir, our excellent Lady!"——Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmeſt affection, and, after a few moments, aſſumed a firmneſs, and even an eaſe, that ſurpriſed me. His brother, with a ſiſter of Amelia's, and ſome other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himſelf, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, ſeemed rather to moderate the grief of thoſe around him, than to demand their compaſſion for himſelf. By his gentle and kind attentions, he ſeemed anxious to relieve their ſorrow, and, by a ſort of concerted tranquillity, ſtrove to prevent their diſcovering any ſymptoms of the bitter anguiſh which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at eaſe; but it was that ſilent and majeſtic ſorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, I chanced to take up a volume of Metaſtaſio, that lay amongſt other books upon a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a ſlip of paper, with ſomething written on it, dropped up-

on the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and, as he looked at it, I saw the tears start into his eyes, and, fetching a deep sigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My "poor Amelia!*"—It was the translation of a favourite passage which she had been attempting, but had left unfinished. As if uneasy lest I had perceived his emotion, he carelessly threw his arm over my shoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I observed him take up the book, and carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and that he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngest boys came running up, and catching his Papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that "*Mamma's Rover was "returned.*" This was a spaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but, after her death, had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home;

home; and, as ſoon as he ſaw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an exceſs of fondneſs. I ſaw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traverſed his delightful grounds, many different ſcenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid ſome of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unuſual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taſte had marked the peculiar beauty of each different ſcene, and had brought it forth to view with ſuch a happy delicacy of art, as to make it ſeem the work of nature alone. As we croſſed certain paths in the woods, and paſſed by ſome ruſtic buildings, I could ſometimes diſcern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he inſtantly ſtifled it with a firmneſs and dignity that made me careful not to ſeem to obſerve it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having ſtolen out of the room, his brother and I ſtepped out to a terrace behind the houſe. It was the duſk of the evening, the air was mild and ſerene, and the moon was riſing in all her brightneſs from the cloud of the eaſt. The fineneſs of the night made us extend our walk,

and we ſtrayed into a hollow valley, whoſe ſides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itſelf along over broken rocks. We approached a ruſtic grotto, placed in a ſequeſtered corner under a half-impending rock. My companion ſtopped. "This," ſaid he, "was one of Amelia's walks, and "that grotto was her favourite evening re-"treat. The laſt night ſhe ever walked out, "and the very evening ſhe caught that fatal "fever, I was with my brother and her, "while we ſat and read to each other in that "very place." While he ſpoke, we perceived a man ſteal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other ſide. "It is my bro-"ther," ſaid young Wentworth; "he has "been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, "indulging that grief he ſo carefully conceals "from us."

We returned to the houſe, and found Mr. Wentworth with the reſt of the company. He forced on ſome converſation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleaſantry during the whole evening.

Such, in ſhort, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it neceſſary to temper and moderate his grief, I muſt avoid ſeeming to perceive it, and dare ſcarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which

which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow from that weak and teazing grief which disgusts, by its sighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations? How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence? How much is a character, in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour? How much does the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of *Cicero*, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have described and analized the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and

equality

equality of temper, which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher, who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes, that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance, we assume a greater sedateness. Before a mixed assembly, we affect a still more considerable degree of composure. Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards, by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

N° 28. SATURDAY, *May* 1, 1779.

Currit ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens. HOR.

"AND did you not bluſh for our countrymen?" ſaid Mr. *Umphraville* to Colonel *Plum*, as the latter was deſcribing the ſack of an Indian city, and the plunder of its miſerable inhabitants, with the death of a *Rajah* who had gallantly defended it.

"Not at all, Sir," anſwered the Colonel coolly; "our countrymen did no more than "their duty; and, were we to decline per-"forming it on ſuch occaſions, we ſhould be "of little ſervice to our country in India."

Mr. *Umphraville* made no anſwer to this defence; but a ſilent indignation, which ſat upon his countenance, implied a ſtronger diſapprobation of it than the moſt laboured reply he could have offered.

For the ſame reaſon which induced him to avoid any farther diſcuſſion of the ſubject, my friend endeavoured to give the converſation a different turn. He led the Colonel into a deſcription of the country of India; and, as that gentleman deſcribed, in very lively colours, the beauty of its appearance, the number of its people,

people, and the variety and richneſs of its productions, Mr. *Umphraville* liſtened to this part of his diſcourſe with an uncommon degree of pleaſure and attention.

But, after the Colonel's departure (for this converſation happened during one of my excurſions to Mr. *Umphraville*'s, where Colonel *Plum* had been on a viſit), the former part of the converſation recurred immediately to my friend's memory, and produced the following reflections.

"I know not," ſaid he, "a more mortifying proof of human weakneſs, than that power "which ſituation and habit acquire over principle and feeling, even in men of the beſt natural diſpoſitions.

"The gentleman who has juſt left us, has "derived from Nature a more than ordinary "degree of good ſenſe. Nor does ſhe ſeem to "have been leſs liberal to him in the affections "of the heart than in the powers of the underſtanding.

"Since his return to this country, Colonel "*Plum* has acted the part of an affectionate "and generous relation, of an attentive and "uſeful friend; he has been an indulgent "landlord, a patron of the induſtrious, and "a ſupport to the indigent. In a word, he "has proved a worthy and uſeful member of "ſociety,

" ſociety, on whom fortune ſeems not to have
" miſplaced her favours.

" Yet, with all the excellent diſpoſitions of
" which theſe are proofs,—placed as a ſoldier
" of fortune in India; inflamed with the am-
" bition of amaſſing wealth; corrupted by the
" contagious example of others governed by
" the ſame paſſion, and engaged in the ſame
" purſuit, Colonel *Plum* appears to have been
" little under the influence either of juſtice or
" humanity; he ſeems to have viewed the un-
" happy people of that country merely as the
" inſtruments, which, in one way or other,
" were to furniſh himſelf and his countrymen
" with that wealth they had gone ſo far in
" queſt of.

" If theſe circumſtances could operate ſo
" ſtrongly on ſuch a man as Colonel *Plum*, we
" have little reaſon to wonder that they ſhould
" have carried others of our countrymen to ſtill
" more lamentable exceſſes; that they ſhould
" have filled that unhappy country with ſcenes
" of miſery and oppreſſion, of which the re-
" cital fills us with equal ſhame and indigna-
" tion. Yet ſuch examples as that of the Co-
" lonel ſhould perhaps diſpoſe us, in place of
" violently declaiming againſt the conduct of
" individuals, to inveſtigate the cauſes by which
" it is produced.

" The

" The conquests of a commercial people " have always, I believe, proved uncommonly " destructive; and this might naturally have " been expected of those made by our country- " men in India, under the direction of a mer- " cantile society, conducted by its members in " a distant country, in a climate fatal to Eu- " ropean constitutions, which they visit only for " the purpose of suddenly amassing riches, and " from which they are anxious to return as " soon as that purpose is accomplished.

" How far such a company, whose original " connection with India was merely the prose- " cution of their private commerce, should have " ever been allowed to assume, and should still " continue to possess, the unnatural character " of sovereigns and conquerors, and to conduct " the government of a great empire, is a point " which may, perhaps, merit the attention of " the legislature as much as many of the more " minute inquiries in which they have of late " been engaged.

" I have often thought how much our su- " perior knowledge in the art of government " might enable us to change the condition of " that unfortunate country for the better. I " have pleased myself with fondly picturing " out the progress of such a plan; with fan- " cying I saw the followers of *Mahomet* lay

" aside

" aſide their ferocity and ambition; the peace-
" ful diſciples of *Brahma*, happy in the ſecu-
" rity of a good government, and in the en-
" joyment of thoſe innocent and ſimple man-
" ners which mark the influence of a fruitful
" climate, and a beneficent religion.—But,
" alas!" continued Mr. *Umphraville*, with a ſigh, " ſuch reformations are more eaſily ef-
" fected by me in my elbow-chair, than by
" thoſe who conduct the great and complicated
" machine of government.

" I wiſh," added he, " it may be only the
" contracted view of things natural to a retir-
" ed old man, which leads me to fear that,
" in this country, the period of ſuch reforma-
" tions is nearly paſt; when I obſerve that
" almoſt all men regulate their conduct, and
" form the minds of the riſing generation by
" this maxim,

Quærenda pecunia primum eſt,
Virtus poſt Nummis;

" I cannot but apprehend, from the prevalence
" of ſo mean and ſo corrupt a principle, the
" ſame national corruption which the *Roman*
" poet aſcribes to it.

" In the lower ranks, the deſire of gain, as
" it is the ſource of induſtry, may be held

" equally

" equally conducive to private happineſs and " public proſperity; but thoſe who, by birth " or education, are deſtined for nobler pur- " ſuits, ſhould be actuated by more generous " paſſions. If from luxury, and the love of " vain expence, they alſo ſhall give way to " this deſire of wealth; if it ſhall extinguiſh " the ſentiments of public virtue, and the " paſſion for the true glory, natural to that or- " der of the ſtate; the ſpring of private and " of national honour muſt have loſt its force, " and there will remain nothing to withſtand " the general corruption of manners, and the " public diſorder and debility which are its in- " ſeparable attendants. If our country has not " already reached this point of degeneracy, ſhe " ſeems, at leaſt, as far as a ſpectator of her " manners can judge, to be too faſt approach- " ing it."

Somewhat in this manner did Mr. *Umphraville* expreſs himſelf. Living retired in the country, converſing with few, and ignorant of the opinions of the many; attached to ideas of *family*, and not very fond of the mercantile intereſt; diſpoſed to give praiſe to former times, and not to think highly of the preſent; in his apprehenſion of facts he is often miſtaken, and the concluſions he draws from thoſe facts are often erroneous. In the preſent inſtance, the

view

view which I have presented of his opinions, may throw further light upon his character; it gives a striking picture both of the candour of his mind, and of the generosity of his sentiments. His opinions, though erroneous, may be useful; they may remind those who, though endued, like Colonel *Plum*, with good dispositions, are in danger of being seduced by circumstances and situation; that our own interest or ambition is never to be pursued but in consistency with the sacred obligations of justice, humanity, and benevolence; and they may afford a very pleasing source of reflection to others, who, in trying situations, have maintained their virtue and their character untainted.

O

Nº 29. Tuesday, *May* 4, 1779.

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitaſque ſermonis.
Cic. de Off.

Politeness, or the external ſhew of humanity, has been ſtrongly recommended by ſome, and has been treated with exceſſive ridicule by others. It has ſometimes been repreſented, very improperly, as conſtituting the ſum of merit: and thus affectation and grimace have been ſubſtituted in place of virtue. There are, on the other hand, perſons who cover their own rudeneſs, and juſtify groſs ruſticity, by calling their conduct honeſt bluntneſs, and by defaming complacent manners, as fawning or hypocritical. Shakeſpeare, in his King *Lear*, ſketches this character with his uſual ability.

This is ſome fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth,
And they will take it ſo; if not, he's plain.

To extol poliſhed external manners as conſtituting the whole duty of man, or to declaim

claim againſt them as utterly inconſiſtent with truth, and the reſpect we owe to ourſelves, are extremes equally to be avoided. Let no one believe that the ſhew of humanity is equal to the reality: nor let any one, from the deſire of pleaſing, depart from the line of truth, or ſtoop to mean condeſcenſion. But to preſume favourably of all men; to conſider them as worthy of our regard till we have evidence of the contrary; to be inclined to render them ſervices; and to entertain confidence in their inclinations to follow a ſimilar conduct; conſtitute a temper, which every man, for his own peace, and for the peace of ſociety, ought to improve and exhibit. Now, this is the temper eſſential to poliſhed manners; and the external ſhew of civilities is a banner held forth, announcing to all men, that we hold them in due reſpect, and are diſpoſed to oblige them. Beſides, it will often occur, that we may have the ſtrongeſt conviction of worth in another perſon; that we may be diſpoſed, from gratitude or eſteem, to render him ſuitable ſervices; and yet may have no opportunity of teſtifying, by thoſe actions which are their genuine expreſſions, either that conviction, or that diſpoſition. Hence external courteſies and civilities are ſubſtituted, with great propriety, as ſigns and repreſentatives of thoſe actions

which

which we are desirous, and have not the power of performing. They are to be held as pledges of our esteem and affection.

"But the man of courtly manners often "puts on a placid and smiling semblance, "while his heart rankles with malignant pas- "sion."—When this is done with an intention to deceive or ensnare mankind, the conduct is perfidious, and ought to be branded with infamy. In that case, the law of courtesy is "more honoured in the breach than in the "observance." But there may be another situation, when the shew of courtesy assumed, while the heart is ill at ease, moved by disagreeable unkindly feelings, would be unjustly censured.——— From a feeble constitution of body, bad health, or some untoward accident or disappointment, you lose your wonted serenity. Influenced by your present humour, even to those who have no concern in the accident that hath befallen you, and who would really be inclined to relieve you from your uneasiness, you become reserved and splenetic. You know the impropriety of such a demeanour, and endeavour to beget in your bosom a very different disposition. Your passions, however, are stubborn; images of wrong and of disappointment have taken strong hold of your fancy; and your present disagreeable and painful

ful ſtate of mind cannot eaſily be removed. Meanwhile, however, you diſguiſe the appearance; you are careful to let no fretful expreſſion be uttered, nor any malignant thought lour in your aſpect; you perform external acts of civility, and aſſume the tones and the language of the moſt perfect compoſure. You thus war with your own ſpirit; and, by force of commanding the external ſymptoms, you will gain a complete victory. You will actually eſtabliſh in your mind that good humour and humanity, which, a little before, were only yours in appearance. Now, in this diſcipline, there is nothing criminal.—In this diſcipline, there is a great deal of merit. It will not only correct and alter our preſent humours, but may influence our habits and diſpoſitions.

A contrary practice may be attended, if not with dangerous, at leaſt with diſagreeable conſequences.———Sir *Gregory Blunt* was the eldeſt ſon of a reſpectable family. His fortune and his anceſtry intitled him, as he and his friends apprehended, to appear in any ſhape that he pleaſed. He owed, and would owe no man a ſhilling; but other men might be indebted to him. He received from nature, and ſtill poſſeſſes, good abilities, and humane diſpoſitions. He is a man, too, of inflexible honour. Yet Sir *Gregory* has an un-

bending caſt of mind, that cannot eaſily be faſhioned into ſoft compliance and condeſcenſion. He never, even at an early period, had any pretenſions to winning ways, or agreeable aſſiduities. Nor had he any talent for acquiring perſonal graces and accompliſhments. In every thing that confers the eaſy and engaging air of a gentleman, he was excelled by his companions. Sir *Gregory* had ſenſe enough to perceive his own incapacity; vanity enough to be hurt with the preferences ſhewn to young men leſs able or honeſt, but more complaiſant than himſelf; and pride enough to caſt away all pretenſions to that ſmoothneſs of demeanour in which he could never excel. Thus he aſſumed a bluntneſs and roughneſs of manners, better ſuited to the natural caſt of his temper. He would be plain; he hated all your ſmiling and fawning attentions; he would ſpeak what he thought; he would praiſe no man, even though he thought him deſerving, becauſe he ſcorned to appear a flatterer; and he would promiſe no man good offices, not even though he meant to perform them, becauſe he abhorred oſtentation. Accordingly, in his addreſs, he is often abrupt, with an approach to rudeneſs, which, if it does not offend, diſconcerts: and he will not return a civility, becauſe he is not in the humour. He thus indulges a propenſity which he ought

to

to have corrected; and, slave to a surly vanity, he thinks he acts upon principle.

Now, this habit not only renders him disagreeable to persons of polished manners, but may be attended with consequences of a more serious nature. Sir *Gregory* does not perceive, that, while he thinks he is plain, he only *affects* to be plain; that he often stifles a kindly feeling, for fear of seeming complacent; that "he "constrains the garb quite from his nature;" and, that he disguises his appearance as much at least by *excessive* bluntness, as he would by shewing *some* complaisance. Thus he is hardly intitled, notwithstanding his pretensions, to the praise even of *honest* plainness. Besides, his character, in other respects, is so eminent, and his rank so distinguished, that, of course, he has many admirers: and thus all the young men of his neighbourhood are becoming as boisterous and as rough as himself. Even some of his female acquaintance are likely to suffer by the contagion of his example. Their desire of pleasing has taken an improper direction; they seem less studious of those delicate proprieties and observances so essential to female excellence; they also will not appear otherwise than what they are; and thus they will not only appear, but become a great deal worse. For, as the shew of humanity and good humour

may, in some instances, promote a gentle temper, and render us good-humoured; so the affectation and shew of honest plainness may lead us to be plain without honesty, and sincere without good intention. Those who affect timidity may, in time, become cowards; and those who affect roughness may, in time, grow inhuman.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Have long had a *tendre* for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myself unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but some of my friends tell me I am a simpleton, and don't understand her. Pray be so kind as inform me, Mr. MIRROR, what sort of rudeness amounts to encouragement. When a lady calls a man impertinent, does she wish him to be somewhat more assuming? When she never looks his way, may he reckon himself a favourite? Or, if she tells every body, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is her aversion, is Mr. *Such-a-one* to take it for granted that she is downright fond of him?

Yours respectfully,

MODESTUS.

N° 30. SATURDAY, *May* 8, 1779.

IT has ſometimes been matter of ſpeculation, whether or not there be a *ſex* in the *ſoul:* that there is one in *manners*, I never heard diſputed; the ſame applauſe which we involuntarily beſtow upon honour, courage, and ſpirit in men, we as naturally confer upon chaſtity, modeſty, and gentleneſs in *women*.

It was formerly one of thoſe national boaſts which are always allowable, and ſometimes uſeful, that the Ladies of *Scotland* poſſeſſed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond thoſe of moſt other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the diſſipated ſociety of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural, and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe that this is ſtill the caſe in general; yet, from my own obſervation, and the complaints of ſeveral Correſpondents, I am ſorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different ſtyle of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our ſiſter kingdom is one great cauſe of this. Formerly a *London* journey was attended with ſome difficulty and danger, and

posting thither was an atchievement as masculine as a fox-chace. Now the goodness of the roads, and the convenience of the vehicles, render it a matter of only a few days moderate exercise for a lady; "*Facilis descensus Averni*;" our wives and daughters are carried thither to see the world; and we are not to wonder if some of them bring back only that knowledge of it, which the most ignorant can acquire, and the most forgetful retain. That knowledge is communicated to a certain circle, on their return; the imitation is as rapid as it is easy; they emulate the *English*, who before have copied the *French*; the dress, the phrase, and the *morale* of *Paris*, is transplanted first to *London*, and thence to *Edinburgh*; and even the sequestered regions of the country are sometimes visited in this northern progress of politeness.

And here I cannot help observing, that the imitation is often so clumsy, as to leave out all the *agreeable*, and retain all the *offensive*. In the *translation* of the *manners*, as in the *translation* of the *language*, of our neighbours, we are apt to lose the fineneſſes, the *petits agrémens*, which (I talk like a man of the world) give zest and value to the whole.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of

of conduct; that the lady who talks always loud, and sometimes free, goes much abroad, or keeps a crowd of company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a single one, does all this without the smallest bad intention, merely as she puts on a cap, and sticks it with feathers, because she has seen it done by others whose rank and fashion intitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that most of those ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no disagreeable consequences, I would ask, from the appearance of evil, exclusive of its reality? Decorum is at least the *ensign*, if not the *outguard*, of virtue; the want of it, if it does not weaken the garrison, will, at least, embolden the assailants; and a woman's virtue is of so delicate a nature, that to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being so.

But, though female *virtue*, in the *singular*, means *chastity*, there are many other endowments, without which a woman's character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanor, the modest deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themselves the most amiable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a stiff

conſtrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleaſant, agreed to explode, and in the common rage of reformation, ſubſtituted the very oppoſite extreme in its ſtead; to baniſh preciſeneſs, they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to ſomething like rudeneſs. But faſhion may alter the form, not the eſſence of things; and though we may lend our laugh, or even our applauſe, to the woman whoſe figure and converſation comes flying out upon us in this faſhionable forwardneſs of manner; yet, I believe, there is ſcarce a votary of the mode who would wiſh his ſiſter, his wife, or even his miſtreſs (I uſe the word in its modeſt ſenſe), to poſſeſs it.

I have hitherto pointed my obſervations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, beſides its being more immediately the object of public cenſorſhip, a variety of ſtrictures lately ſent me by my Correſpondents naturally led me to conſider. I am afraid, however, the ſame innovation begins to appear in our domeſtic as in our public life, and that the caſe of my friend Mr. *Homeſpun*, is far from being ſingular. Some of thoſe whoſe rank and ſtation are ſuch as to enforce example, and regulate opinion, think it an honourable diſtinction to be able to lead, from the ſober track which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers

grandmothers had marked out for them, such young ladies as chance, relationship, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The state of diffidence and dependance, in which a young woman used to find herself happy under the protection of her parents or guardians, they teach their pupils to consider as incompatible with sense or spirit. With them obedience and subordination are terms of contempt; even the natural restraints of time are disregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth assumes the confidence and self-government of age; domestic duties are held to be slavish, and domestic enjoyments insipid.

There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleasures of high life and fashion, which naturally dazzles and seduces the young and inexperienced. But let them not believe that the scale of fortune is the standard of happiness, or the whirl of pleasure, which their patronesses describe, productive of the satisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its course through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they would find it commonly expire in languor, or end in disappointment. They would see the daughters of fashion in a state the most painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the smile of friend-

ſhip, and anguiſh with the appearance of gaiety; they would ſee the miſtreſs of the feaſt, or the directreſs of the route, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very ſcene of her pride, torn with thoſe jarring paſſions which ——— but I will not talk like a moraliſt ——— which make ducheſſes mean, and the fineſt women in the world ugly. I do them no injuſtice; for I ſtate this at the time of *poſſeſſion*; its value in *reflection* I forbear to eſtimate.

If I dared to contraſt this with a picture of domeſtic pleaſure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happineſs of every individual is reflected upon the ſociety, and a certain tender ſolicitude about each other, gives a more delicate ſenſe of pleaſure than any enjoyment merely ſelfiſh can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of buſineſs or of amuſement, of ſentiment or of gaiety, I am perſuaded the ſcene would be too venerable for the moſt irreverent to deride, and its happineſs too apparent for the moſt diſſipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of ſuch a family, is often foregone for the miſerable vanity of aping ſome woman, weak as ſhe is worthleſs, deſpiſed in the midſt of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of diſſipation.

I have

I have limited this remonſtrance to motives merely *temporal*, becauſe I am informed, ſome of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of thoſe new acquirements which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very, very few of them are yet poſſeſſed of. I mean not to diſpute the ſolidity of their ſyſtem, as I am perſuaded they have ſtudied the ſubject deeply, and under very able and learned maſters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpoſe for which, I have been told by ſome faſhionable men, ſuch doctrines have frequently been taught. It ſeems, it is underſtood by the younger claſs of our philoſophers, that a woman never thinks herſelf quite *alone*, till ſhe has put *God* out of the way, as well as her *huſband*.

V

N° 31. TUESDAY, *May* 11, 1779.

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cleanthum. VIRG.

THERE is hardly any ſpecies of writing more difficult than that of drawing characters; and hence it is that ſo few authors have excelled in it. Among thoſe writers who have confined themſelves merely to this ſort of compoſition, *Theophraſtus* holds the firſt place among the ancients, and *La Bruyere* among the moderns. But, beſide thoſe who have profeſſedly confined themſelves to the delineation of character, every hiſtorian who relates events, and who deſcribes the diſpoſition and qualities of the perſons engaged in them, is to be conſidered as a writer of characters.

There are two methods by which a character may be delineated; and different authors have, more or leſs, adopted the one or the other. A character may either be given by deſcribing the internal feelings of the mind, and by relating the qualities with which the perſon is endowed; or, without mentioning in general the internal qualities which he poſſeſſes, an account may be given of his external conduct, of his behaviour on this or that occaſion,

occaſion, and how he was affected by this or that event.

An author who draws characters in the firſt manner, employs thoſe words that denote the general qualities of the mind; and by means of theſe he gives a deſcription and view of the character. He paſſes over the particular circumſtances of behaviour and conduct which lead to the general concluſion with regard to the character, and gives the concluſion itſelf.

But an author who draws characters in the other manner above alluded to, inſtead of giving the general concluſion deduced from the obſervation of particular circumſtances of conduct, gives a view of the particulars themſelves, and of the external conduct of the perſon whoſe character he wiſhes to repreſent, leaving his readers to form their own concluſion from that view which he has given. Of the two authors I have mentioned, each excels in one of thoſe oppoſite manners. In every inſtance I can recollect, excepting the extravagant picture of *the abſent man*, *La Bruyere* lays before his readers the internal feelings of the character he wiſhes to repreſent; while *Theophraſtus* gives the action which the internal feelings produce.

Of theſe different modes of delineating characters, each has its peculiar advantages. The beſt

beſt method of giving a full and comprehenſive view of the different parts of a character, may be by a general enumeration of the qualities of mind with which the perſon is endowed. At the ſame time, however, it is, perhaps, impoſſible to mark the nice and delicate ſhades of character, without bringing the image more fully before the eye, and placing the perſon in that ſituation which calls him forth into action.

In theſe two different manners, there are faults into which authors, following the one or the other, are apt to fall, and which they ſhould ſtudiouſly endeavour to avoid. An author who gives the internal qualities of the character, ſhould guard againſt being too general; he who gives views of the conduct, and repreſents the actions themſelves, ſhould avoid being too particular. When the internal qualities of the mind are deſcribed, they may be expreſſed in ſuch vague and general terms, as to lay before the reader no marked diſtinguiſhing feature; when, again, in the views which are given of the conduct, the detail is too particular, the author is apt to tire by becoming tedious, or to diſguſt by being trifling or familiar, or by approaching to vulgarity. Some of our moſt celebrated hiſtorians have committed errors of the firſt

ſort;

sort; when, at the end of a reign, or at the exit of a hero, they draw the character of the King, or great man, and tell their readers, that the person they are taking leave of, was *brave*, *generous*, *just*, *humane*; or the tyrant they have been declaiming against, was *cruel*, *haughty*, *jealous*, *deceitful*; these general qualities are so little distinguishing, that they may be applied, almost, to any very good, or very bad man, in the history. When, on the other hand, an author, in order to give a particular view of the person of whom he writes, tells his readers, what such person did before, and what after dinner; what before, and what after he slept; if his vivacity prevent him from appearing tedious, he will at least be in danger of displeasing by the appearance of vulgarity or affectation.

It may be proper here to observe, that, in making a right choice of the different manners in which a character may be drawn, much depends upon the subject, or design of the author; one method may be more suited to one kind of composition than to another. Thus the author who confines himself merely to drawing characters, the historian who draws a character arising only from, or illustrating the events he records, or the novellist who delineates characters by feigned circumstances and situations, have each their several objects,

objects, and different manners may be properly adopted by each of them. Writers, such as *Theophraſtus* and *La Bruyere*, take for their object a character governed by ſome one paſſion, abſorbing all others, and influencing the man in every thing; *the miſer, the epicure, the drunkard, &c.* The buſineſs of the hiſtorian is more difficult and more extenſive; he takes the complicated characters in real life; he muſt give a view of every diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the perſonage, the good and the bad, the fierce and the gentle, all the ſtrange diverſities which life preſents.

Novel-writers ought, like the profeſſed writers of character, to have it generally in view to illuſtrate ſome one diſtinguiſhing feature or paſſion of the mind; but then they have it in their power, by the aſſiſtance of ſtory, and by inventing circumſtances and ſituation, to exhibit its leading features in every poſſible point of view. The great error, indeed, into which novel-writers commonly fall, is that they attend more to the ſtory and to the circumſtances they relate, than to giving new and juſt views of the character of the perſon they preſent. Their general method is to affix names to certain perſonages, whom they introduce to their readers, whom they lead through dangers and diſtreſſes, or exhibit in circumſtances of ridicule, without having it in view to illuſtrate any one

predominant or leading principle of the human heart; without making their readers one bit better acquainted with the characteriſtic features of thoſe perſons at the end of the ſtory than at the beginning. Hence there are ſo few novels which gave laſting pleaſure, or can bear to be peruſed oftener than once. From the ſurpriſe occaſioned by the novelty or nature of the events, they may carry their readers once through them; but, as they do not illuſtrate any of the principles of the mind, or give any intereſting views of character, they raiſe no deſire for a ſecond peruſal, and ever after lie neglected on the ſhelf.

How very different from theſe are the novels, which, in place of relying upon the mere force of incident, bring the characters of their perſonages fully before us, paint all their ſhades and attitudes, and by making us, as it were, intimately acquainted with them, deeply engage our hearts in every circumſtance which can affect them? This happy talent of delineating all the delicate features and nice tints of human character, never fails to delight, and will often atone for many defects. It is this which renders *Richardſon* ſo intereſting, in ſpite of his immeaſurable tediouſneſs; it is this which will render *Fielding* ever delightful, notwithſtanding the indelicate coarſeneſs with which he too often offends us.

N° 32. SATURDAY, *May* 15, 1779.

HAPPINESS has been compared, by one of my predeceſſors, to a *Game*; and he has preſcribed certain rules to be followed by the players. Theſe, indeed, are more neceſſary than one might ſuppoſe at firſt ſight; this game, like moſt others, being as often loſt by *bad play* as by *ill luck*. The circumſtances I am placed in, ſome of which I communicated to my readers in my introductory paper, make me often a ſort of looker-on at this game; and, like all lookers-on, I think I diſcover blunders in the play of my neighbours, who frequently loſe the advantages their fortune lays open to them.

To chace the alluſion a little farther, it is ſeldom that opportunities occur of *brilliant ſtrokes*, or *deep calculation*. With moſt of us, the ordinary little ſtake is all that is played for; and he who goes on obſerving the common rules of the game, and keeping his temper in the reverſes of it, will find himſelf a gainer at laſt. In plainer language, *happineſs*, with the bulk of men, may be ſaid to conſiſt in the power of enjoying the ordinary pleaſures of life, and in not being too eaſily hurt by the

little disquietudes of it. There is a certain fineness of soul, and delicacy of sentiment, with which few situations accord, to which many seeming harmless ones give the greatest uneasiness. The art "*despere in loco*," (by which I understand being able not only to trifle, upon occasion, ourselves, but also to bear the foolery of others) is a qualification extremely useful for smoothing a man's way through the world.

I have been led into this train of thinking, by some circumstances in a visit I had lately the pleasure of receiving from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, with whom I made my readers acquainted in some former Numbers. A particular piece of business occurred, which made it expedient for him to come to town; and though he was, at first, extremely averse from the journey, having never liked great towns, and now relishing them less than ever, yet the remonstrances of his man of business, aided by very urgent requests from me, at length overcame him. He set out, therefore, attended by his old family-servant, *John*, whom I had not failed to remember in my invitation to his master.

At the first stage on the road, *John* told me, his master looked sad, eat little, and spoke less. Though the landlord ushered in dinner

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in perſon, and gave his gueſt a very minute deſcription of his manner of *feeding his mutton*, Mr. *Umphraville* remained a hearer only, and ſhewed no inclination to have him ſit down and partake of his own diſhes; and, though he deſired him, indeed, to taſte the wine, of which he brought in a bottle after dinner, he told him, at the ſame time, to let the oſtler know he ſhould want his horſes as ſoon as poſſible. The landlord left the room, and told *John*, who was eating his dinner, ſomewhat more deliberately, in the kitchen, that his maſter ſeemed a melancholy kind of a gentleman, not half ſo good-humoured as his neighbour Mr. *Jolly*.

John, who is intereſted both in the happineſs and honour of his maſter, endeavoured to mend matters in the evening, by introducing the *hoſteſs* very particularly to Mr. *Umphraville*; and, indeed, venturing to invite her to ſup with him. *Umphraville* was too ſhy, or too civil, to decline the lady's company, and *John* valued himſelf on having procured him ſo agreeable a companion.—His maſter complained to me, ſince he came to town, of the oppreſſion of this landlady's company; and declared his reſolution of not ſtopping at the *George* on his way home.

The

The morning after his arrival at my houſe, while we were ſitting together, talking of old ſtories, and old friends, with all the finer feelings afloat about us, *John* entered, with a look of much ſatiſfaction, announcing the name of Mr. *Bearſkin*. This gentleman is a firſt couſin of *Umphraville*'s, who reſides in town, and whom he had not ſeen theſe ſix years. He was bred a *mercer*, but afterwards extended his dealings with his capital, and has been concerned in ſeveral great mercantile tranſactions. While *Umphraville*, with all his genius, and all his accompliſhments, was barely preſerving his eſtate from ruin at home, this man, by dint of induſtry and application, and partly from the want of genius and accompliſhments, has amaſſed a fortune greater than the richeſt of his couſin's anceſtors was ever poſſeſſed of. He holds *Umphraville* in ſome reſpect, however, as the repreſentative of his mother's family, from which he derives all his gentility, his father having ſprung nobody knows whence, and lived nobody knows how, till he appeared behind the counter of a woollen-draper, to whoſe ſhop and buſineſs he ſucceeded.

My friend, though he could have excuſed his viſit at this time, received him with politeneſs. He introduced him to me as his near relation;

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on which the other, who mixes the flippant civility of his former profeſſion with ſomewhat of the monied confidence of his preſent one, made me a handſome compliment, and congratulated Mr. *Umphraville* on the poſſeſſion of ſuch a friend. He concluded, however, with a diſtant inſinuation of *his* houſe's being a more natural home for his *couſin* when in town, than that of any other perſon. This led to a deſcription of that houſe, its rooms and its furniture, in which he made no inconſiderable eulogium on his own taſte, the taſte of his wife, and the taſte of the times. *Umphraville* bluſhed, bit his lips, complained of the heat of the room, changed his ſeat, in ſhort ſuffered torture all the way from the *cellar* to the *garret*.

Mr. *Bearſkin* cloſed this deſcription of his houſe with an expreſſion of his and his wife's earneſt deſire to ſee their *couſin* there. *Umphraville* declared his intention of calling to enquire after Mrs. *Bearſkin* and the young folks, mentioning, at the ſame time, the ſhortneſs of his propoſed ſtay in town, and the hurry his buſineſs would neceſſarily keep him in while he remained. But this declaration by no means ſatisfied his kinſman; he inſiſted on his ſpending a day with them ſo warmly, that the other was at laſt overcome, and the third day after was fixed on for that purpoſe, which

Mr.

Mr. *Bearſkin* informed us would be the more agreeable to all parties, as he ſhould then have an opportunity of introducing us to his *London* correſpondent, a man of great fortune, who had juſt arrived here on a jaunt to ſee the country, and had promiſed him the favour of eating a bit of mutton with him on that day. I would have excuſed myſelf from being of the party; but not having, any more than *Umphraville*, a talent at refuſal, was, like him, overpowered by the ſolicitations of his couſin.

The hiſtory of that dinner I may poſſibly give my readers hereafter, in a ſeparate paper, a dinner, now-a-days, being a matter of conſequence, and not to be managed in an *epiſode*. The time between was devoted by Mr. *Umphraville* to buſineſs, in which he was pleaſed commonly to aſk my advice, and to communicate his opinions. The laſt I found generally unfavourable both of men and things; my friend carries the "*priſca fides*" too much about with him to be perfectly pleaſed in his dealings with people of buſineſs. When we returned home in the evening, he ſeemed to feel a relief in having got out of the reach of the world, and muttered expreſſions, not to mention the inflections of his countenance, which, if fairly ſet down on paper, would almoſt amount to calling his *banker* a Jew, his *lawyer* not a gentleman, and

his *agent* a pettifogger. He was, however, very ready to clap up a truce with his ideas when in company with these several personages; and though he thought he saw them taking advantages, of which I am persuaded they were perfectly innocent, he was contented to turn his face another way, and pass on. A man of *Umphraville*'s disposition is willing to suffer all the penalties of silliness, but that of being thought silly.

I

N° 33. Tuesday, *May* 18, 1779.

Among the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiment, one of the first and most truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by showing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They must, indeed, have attended little to what passes in the world, who do not know the importance of this disposition; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families, whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

Among the letters lately received from my Correspondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad consequences resulting from the neglect of this complacency, I shall here lay before my readers. The first is from a lady, who writes as follows:

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. *Gold*, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father; to him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference, and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and a girl, all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the œconomy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husband's friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. *Gold*'s reputation and success in business daily increases, and he is, in the main, a kind and attentive husband; yet I find him so particular

ticular in his temper, and so often out of humour about trifles, that, in spite of all those comfortable circumstances I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the dishes at table; at another with the choice of my maid-servants; sometimes he is displeased with the trimming of my gown, sometimes with the shape of my cloak, or the figure of my head-dress; and, should I chance to give an opinion on any subject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and is sure to chide me about it when we are by ourselves.

It is of no consequence whether I have been right or wrong in any of those particulars. If I say a word in defence of my choice or opinion, it is sure to make matters worse, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I express my wonder that he should give himself uneasiness about such trifles, he answers, sullenly, that, to be sure, every thing is a *trifle* in which I chuse to disoblige him.

It was but the other day, as we were just going out to dine at a friend's house, he told me my *gown* was extremely ugly. I answered, his observation surprised me, for it was *garnet*, and I had taken it off on hearing him say he wondered I never chose one of that colour.

Upon this he got into a paſſion, ſaid it was very odd I ſhould charge my bad taſte upon him; he had never made any ſuch obſervation, for the colour was his averſion. The diſpute at loſt grew ſo warm, that I threw myſelf down on a ſettee, unable to continue it, while he flung out of the room, ordered away the coach from the door, and wrote an apology to his friend for our not waiting upon him.

We dined in our different apartments: and though, I believe, we were equally ſorry for what had paſſed, and Mr. *Gold*, when we met at ſupper, aſked my pardon for having contradicted me ſo roughly; yet we had not ſat half an hour together, when he told me, that, after all, I was certainly miſtaken, in ſaying he had recommended a *garnet colour*; and when I very coolly aſſured him I was not, he renewed the diſpute with as much keenneſs as ever. We parted in the ſame bad humour we had done before dinner, and I have hardly had a pleaſant look from him ſince.

In a word, Mr. *Gold* will allow me to have no mind but his; and, unleſs I can ſee with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taſte with his palate (none of which I can very eaſily bring myſelf to do, as you muſt know all of them are ſomewhat particular), I ſee no proſpect of our ſituation changing for the better; and what makes

our

our preſent one doubly provoking is, that, but for this unfortunate weakneſs, Mr. *Gold*, who is, in other reſpects, a very worthy man, would make one of the beſt of huſbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I ſhould do in this ſituation, or take your own way of letting my huſband ſee his weakneſs, the reformation of which would be the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings to

Yours, &c.

SUSANNA GOLD.

I was thinking how I ſhould anſwer this letter, or in what way I could be uſeful to my Correſpondent, when I received the following, the inſertion of which is, I believe, the beſt reply I can make to it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Was bred a merchant; by my ſucceſs in trade I am now in affluent circumſtances, and have reaſon to think that I am ſo with an unblemiſhed character.

Some years ago, I married the daughter of a reſpectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and, as ſhe had been virtuouſly educated, and ſeemed cheerful and good-tempered, as I was myſelf naturally of a domeſtic turn, and reſolved to make a good huſband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I muſt do my ſpouſe the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe is diſcreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many reſpects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper deſtroys the effect of all theſe good qualities. She is ſo much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, ſo impatient of contradiction in them, and withal ſo ready to diſpute mine, that, if I diſapprove of her taſte or ſentiments in any one particular, or ſeem diſſatisfied when ſhe diſapproves of my taſte or ſentiments, it is the certain ſource of a quarrel; and, while we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every eſſential circumſtance of our domeſtic œconomy, this ſilly fancy, that I muſt eat, dreſs, think, and ſpeak, preciſely as ſhe would have me, while ſhe will not accommodate herſelf to me in the moſt trifling of theſe particulars, gives me perpetual uneaſineſs; and with almoſt every thing I could

wiſh,

wiſh, a genteel income, a good reputation, promiſing children, and a virtuous wife, whom I ſincerely eſteem, I have the mortification to find myſelf abſolutely unhappy.

I am ſure this foible of my poor wife's will appear to you, Mr. MIRROR, in its proper light; your making it appear ſo to her, may be the means of alleviating our mutual diſtreſs; for, to tell you the truth, I believe ſhe is almoſt as great a ſufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this deſire; by doing ſo you may be of general ſervice, and will particularly oblige

Your conſtant reader, and

Obedient humble ſervant,

NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing theſe two letters, it is evident that, from the want of that *complacency* mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very ſenſibility of temper, and ſtrength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite contrary effect. The ſource of the diſquiet they complain of, is nothing elſe than the want of that reſpect for the taſte, feelings, and opinions of each other, which conſtitutes the diſpoſition I have recommended above, and which,

so far from being inconsistent with a reasonable desire of reforming each other in these particulars, is the most probable means of accomplishing it.

Nor is the case of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold* singular in this respect. By much the greatest part of domestic quarrels originate from the want of this pliancy of disposition, which people seem, very absurdly, to suppose may be dispensed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half his estate to serve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the lesser virtues must be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a sort of *Pocket Coin*, which, though it does not enter into great and important transactions, is absolutely necessary for common and ordinary intercourse.

N° 34. SATURDAY, *May* 22, 1779.

IN compliance with a promiſe I made my readers at the cloſe of laſt *Saturday*'s paper (at leaſt it was that ſort of promiſe which a man keeps when the thing ſuits his inclination), I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr. *Umphraville* and I were invited by his couſin Mr. *Bearſkin*.

On our way to the houſe, I perceived certain ſymptoms of diſſatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durſt not impute them to the right cauſe, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home, to revenge themſelves for the croſſes they have met with abroad. He complained of the moiſtneſs of the weather, and the dirtineſs of the ſtreet; was quite fatigued with the length of the way (Mr. *Bearſkin*'s houſe being faſhionably eccentric), and almoſt curſed the taylor for the tightneſs of a ſuit of clothes, which he had beſpoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the firſt time. His chagrin, I believe, was increaſed by his having juſt learned from his lawyer, that the buſineſs he came to town about, could not be finiſhed at the time he expected, but would probably laſt a week longer.

When we entered Mr. *Bearſkin*'s drawing-room, we found his wife ſitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was eaſy to ſee, by the air of the lady, that ſhe was perfectly miſtreſs of the houſe, and that her huſband was only a ſecondary perſon there. He ſeemed, however, contented with his ſituation, and an admirer of his wife; a ſort of lap-dog huſband (of whom I have ſeen many), who looks ſleek, runs about briſkly, and though he now and then gets a kick from his miſtreſs, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. *Bearſkin*, after many expreſſions of his happineſs in ſeeing his couſin in his new houſe, propoſed walking us down ſtairs again, to begin ſhowing it from the ground-ſtory upwards. *Umphraville*, though I ſaw him ſweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were ſaved by the interpoſition of the lady, who uttered a "Pſha! Mr. "*Bearſkin*," with ſo ſignificant a look, that her huſband inſtantly dropped his deſign, ſaying, "to be ſure there was not much worth "ſeeing, though he could have wiſhed to "have ſhown his couſin his *ſtudy*, which he "thought was tolerably clever." "I thought, "Papa," ſaid the eldeſt of the Miſſes, "it "was not quite in order yet."—"Why, not "altogether;"

" altogether;" replied her father: " I have " not been able to get up my *heads*, as *Pope* " has loſt an ear, and *Homer* the left ſide of " his beard, by the careleſſneſs of a packer; " and I want about three feet and a half of " folios for my loweſt ſhelf."—" I don't care " if there was not a *folio* in the world," rejoined Miſs. " Child!" ſaid her mother, in a tone of rebuke.—Miſs bridled up, and was ſilent;—I ſmiled;—*Umphraville* walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearſkin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, ſaid, he wondered his friend Mr. *Blubber* was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he ſpoke, a loud rap at the door announced the expected company; and preſently Mr. *Blubber*, his wife, a ſon, and two daughters, entered the room. The firſt had on an old-faſhioned *pompadour* coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous ſleeves, his head adorned by a large *major* wig, with curls as white and as ſtiff as if they had been caſt in *plaſter of Paris*; but the females, and heir of the family, were dreſſed in the very height of the mode. *Bearſkin* introduced the old gentleman to his couſin Mr. *Umphraville*:

—" Mr. *Blubber*, Sir, a very particular friend " of mine, and (turning to me with a whiſper) " worth fourſcore thouſand pounds, if he's

"worth a farthing." *Blubber* said, he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dresser, and he verily thought would never have had done with him. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of enquiry on Mr. *Edward Blubber*'s waistcoat, which had been *tamboured*, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be *monstrous handsome*. The young man himself seemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in a mirror that stood opposite to him. "Isn't it vastly pretty, Sir?" said one of the young ladies to *Umphraville*. "Ma'am!" said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waistcoat in no very favourable manner.——I read her countenance too; she thought *Umphraville* just the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after some ceremonial, got into their places at table, in the centre of which stood a sumptuous *epargne*, filled, as *Bearskin* informed us, with the produce of his *farm*. This joke, which, I suppose, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the sweetmeats came

from a plantation in one of the *West-India* islands, in which he had a concern. The *epargne* itself now produced another dissertation from the ladies, and, like the waistcoat, was also pronounced *monstrous handsome*. *Blubber*, taking his eye half off a plate of salmon, to which he had just been helped, observed, that it would come to a handsome price too;—"Sixty ounces, I'll warrant it," said he; "but as the *plate-tax* is now repealed, it will "cost but the interest a-keeping."—"La, "Papa!" said Miss *Blubber*, "you are always "thinking of the money things cost!"——"Yes," added her brother, "*Tables of interest* "are an excellent accompaniment for a *des-* "*sert*."——At this speech all the ladies laughed very loud. *Blubber* said, he was an impudent dog; but seemed to relish his son's wit notwithstanding. *Umphraville* looked sternly at him; and, had not a glance at his *waistcoat* set him down as something beneath a man's anger, I don't know what consequences might have followed. During the rest of the entertainment, I could see the *fumet* of fool and coxcomb on every morsel that *Umphraville* swallowed, though Mrs. *Bearskin*, next whom he sat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When

When dinner was over, Mr. *Blubber* mentioned his design of making a tour through the *Highlands*, to visit *Stirling*, *Taymouth*, and *Dunkeld*; and applying to our landlord for some description of these places, was by him referred to Mr. *Umphraville* and me. Mr. *Umphraville* was not in a communicative mood; so I was obliged to assure Mr. *Blubber*, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehension of these matters, that he would find *beds* and *bed-clothes*, *meat* for himself, and *corn* for his horses, at the several places above mentioned; that he had no *dangerous seas* to cross in getting at them; and that there were no *highwaymen* upon the road.

After this there was a considerable interval of silence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. *Edward*'s fine waistcoat, when Mr. *Bearskin*, informing the company that his cousin was a great lover of music, called on his daughter, Miss *Polly*, for a *song*, with which, after some of the usual apologies, she complied; and, in compliment to Mr. *Umphraville*'s taste, who she was sure must like *Italian* music, she sung, or rather *squalled*, a song of *Sachini*'s, in which there was scarce one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miss *Blubber* said, in her usual phraseology, that it was *a monstrous sweet* air.---Her brother swore

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it was *divinely ſung*.----*Umphraville* gulphed down a falſehood with a very bad grace, and ſaid, Miſs would be a good ſinger with a little more practice.---A compliment which was not more diſtant from truth on one ſide, than from Miſs's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not ſet him forward in the favour of the family.

"My father is a judge of ſinging too," ſaid Mr. *Edward Blubber*; "what is your opinion "of the ſong, Sir?"---"My opinion is," ſaid he, "that your *Italianos* always ſet me aſleep; "Engliſh ears ſhould have Engliſh ſongs, I "think."---"Then, ſuppoſe one of the la- "dies ſhould give us an Engliſh ſong," ſaid I. "'Tis a good motion," ſaid Mr. *Bearſkin*, "I ſecond it; Miſs *Betſy Blubber* ſings an ex- "cellent Engliſh ſong."---Miſs *Betſy* denied ſtoutly that ſhe ever ſung at all; but evidence being produced againſt her, ſhe, at laſt, ſaid ſhe would try if ſhe could make out "*The* "*Maid's Choice*." "Ay, ay, *Betſy*," ſaid her father, "a very good ſong; I have heard "it before.

——— "If I could but find,
"I care not for fortune—Umh!—a man to my mind."

Miſs *Betſy* began the ſong accordingly, and to make up for her want of *voice*, accompanied it with a great deal of *action*. Either from the accident of his being placed oppoſite to her, or from

from a fly application to his ſtate as an *old bachelor*, ſhe choſe to perſonify the maid's choice in the figure of *Umphraville*, and pointed the deſcription of the ſong particularly at him. *Umphraville*, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himſelf uneaſy and ridiculous under this ſilly alluſion of a ballad; he bluſhed, attempted to laugh, bluſhed again, and ſtill looked with that aukward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no perſuaſion of his couſin could induce him to ſtay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were aſſembled at tea.

"Thank Heaven!" ſaid *Umphraville*, when the door was ſhut, and we had got fairly into the ſtreet. "Amen!" I replied, ſmiling, "for "our good dinner and excellent wine!"——"How the devil, Charles," ſaid he, "do you "contrive to bear all this nonſenſe with the "compoſure you do?"---"Why, I have often "told you, my friend, that our earth is not "a planet fitted up only for the reception of "wiſe men.---Your *Blubbers* and *Bearſkins* are "neceſſary parts of the ſyſtem; they deſerve "the enjoyments they are capable of feeling;-- "and I am not ſure if he who ſuffers from his "own ſuperiority does not deſerve his ſufferings."

N° 35. Tuesday, *May* 25, 1779.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Sir,

Till I arrived at the age of twenty, my time was divided between my books, and the ſociety of a few friends, whom a ſimilarity of purſuits and diſpoſitions recommended to me. About that period, finding that the habits of reſerve and retirement had acquired a power over me, which my ſituation, as heir to a conſiderable fortune, would render inconvenient, I was prevailed upon, partly by a ſenſe of this, partly by the importunity of my relations, to make an effort for acquiring a more general acquaintance, and faſhionable deportment. As I was conſcious of an inclination to oblige, and a quick ſenſe of propriety, two qualities which I eſteemed the ground of good-breeding; as my wit was tolerably ready, and my figure not diſadvantageous, I own to you that I entertained ſome hopes of ſucceſs.

I was, however, unſucceſsful. The novelty of the ſcenes in which I found myſelf engaged, the multiplicity of obſervances and attention requiſite upon points which I had always

always regarded as below my notice, embarrassed and confounded me. The feelings to which I had trusted for my direction, served only to make me aukward, and fearful of offending. My obsequious services in the drawing-room passed unrewarded; and my observations, when I ventured to mingle, either in the chat of the women, or the politics of the men, being delivered with timidity and hesitation, were overlooked or neglected. Some of the more elderly and discreet among the former seemed to pity me; and I could not help remarking, that they often, as if they had meant the hint for me, talked of the advantage to be derived from the perusal of Lord *Chesterfield's Letters*. To this author, then, as soon as I learned his subject, I had recourse, as to a guide that would point out my way, and support me in my journey. But, how much was I astonished, when, through a veil of wit, ridicule, elegant expression, and lively illustration, I discerned a studied system of frivolity, meanness, flattery, and dissimulation, inculcated as the surest and most eligible road to eminence and popularity?

Young as I am, Mr. MIRROR, and heedless as I may consequently be supposed, I cannot think that this work is a code proper for being held up to us as the regulator of our conduct.

The

The talents insisted on with peculiar emphasis, the accomplishments most earnestly recommended, are such as, in our days, if they ought to be treated of at all, should be mentioned only to put us on our guard against them. If riches naturally tend to render trifles of importance; if they direct our attention too much toward exterior accomplishments; if they propagate the courtly and complying spirit too extensively at any rate, we certainly, in this country, so wealthy and luxurious, have no need of exhortations to cultivate or acquire those qualifications. The habits that may arrest for a little time the progress of this corruption, ought now to be insisted on. Independence, fortitude, stubborn integrity, and pride that disdains the shadow of servility; these are the virtues which a tutor should inculcate, these the blessings which a fond father should supplicate from Heaven for his offspring.

It is, throughout, the error of his Lordship's system, to consider talents and accomplishments according to the use that may be made of them, rather than their intrinsic worth. In this catechism, *applause* is *rectitude*, and *success* is *morality*. That, in our days, a person may rise to eminence by trivial accomplishments, and become popular by flattery and dissimulation, may, perhaps, be true. But, from this it surely

ſurely does not follow, that theſe are the means which an honourable character ſhould employ. There is a dignity in the mind which cultivates thoſe arts alone that are valuable, which courts thoſe characters alone that are worthy, which diſdains to conceal its own ſentiments, or miniſter to the foibles of others; there is, I ſay, a conſcious dignity and ſatisfaction in theſe feelings, which neither applauſe, nor power, nor popularity, without them, can ever beſtow.

Many of his Lordſhip's diſtinctions are too nice for my faculties. I cannot, for my part, diſcern the difference between feigned confidence and inſincerity; between the conduct that conveys the approbation of a ſentiment, or the flattery of a foible, and the words that declare it. I ſhould think the man whoſe countenance was open, and his thoughts concealed, a hypocrite; I ſhould term him who could treat his friends as if they were at the ſame time to be his enemies, a monſter of ingratitude and duplicity. It is dangerous to trifle thus upon the *borders of virtue*. By teaching us that it may inſenſibly be blended with vice, that their reſpective limits are not in every caſe evident and certain, our veneration for it is diminiſhed. Its chief ſafeguard is a jealous ſenſibility, that ſtartles at the colour or ſhadow of deceit. When this barrier has been

inſulted,

insulted, can any other be opposed at which conscience will arise and proclaim, Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou advance?

The love of general applause, recommended by his Lordship, as the great principle of conduct, is a folly and a weakness. He that directs himself by this compass, cannot hope to steer through life with steadiness and consistency. He must surrender his own character, and assume the hue of every company he enters. To court the approbation of any one, is, in a tacit manner, to do homage to his judgment or his feelings. He that extends his courtship of it beyond the praise-worthy, violates the exclusive privilege of virtue, and must seek it by unworthy arts.

On the other hand, though I am by no means a friend to rash and unguarded censure, yet I cannot help considering the conduct of him who will censure nothing, who will speak his sentiments of no character with freedom, who palliates every error, and apologizes for every failing, as more nearly allied to meanness, timidity, and a time-serving temper, than it is connected with candour, or favourable to the cause of virtue.

Nor can I persuade myself that his Lordship's system will be attended with general success. The real character is the only one that

can

can be maintained at all times, and in all diſpoſitions. Profeſſions of friendſhip and regard will lead to expectations of ſervice that cannot be anſwered. The ſentiments delivered in one company, the manners aſſumed upon one occaſion, will be remembered, and contraſted with thoſe that are preſented on another. Suſpicion, once awakened, will penetrate the darkeſt cloud which art can throw around a perſon in the common intercourſe of life.

Let us conſider, too, were this ſyſtem generally adopted, what a dull, inſipid ſcene muſt ſociety become! No diſtinction, no natural expreſſion, of character; no confidence of profeſſions of any kind; no aſſurance of ſincerity; no ſecret ſympathy, nor delightful correſpondence of feeling. All the ſallies of wit, all the graces of polite manners, would but ill ſupply the want of theſe pleaſures, the pureſt and moſt elegant which human life affords.

EUGENIUS.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you treat much of politeneſs, I wiſh you would take notice of a particular ſort of incivility from which one ſuffers, without be-

ing thought intitled to complain. I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have come lately from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reside for some time at my aunt's in town. Here is a visitor, Mr. *Dapperwit*, a good-looking young man, with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom; in short, the civilest, most complying sort of face you can imagine. As I have often taken notice of his behaviour, I was resolved to minute down his discourse the other evening at tea. The conversation began about the *weather*, my aunt observing, that the seasons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, "my lady," said Mr. *Dapperwit*, "amaz-"ingly altered indeed." — "Now I have "heard my father say (said I), that is a vul-"gar error; for that it appears from registers "kept for the purpose, that the state of the "weather, though it may be different in cer-"tain seasons, months, or weeks, preserves a "wonderful equilibrium in general."—"Why, "to be sure, Miss, I believe, in general, as "you say;— but, talking of the weather, I "hope your Ladyship caught no cold at the "play t'other night; we were so aukwardly "situated in getting out."—"Not in the least, "Sir;

" Sir; I was greatly obliged to your ſervices " there."---" You were well entertained, I " hope, my Lady?"—" Very well indeed; I " laughed exceedingly; there is a great deal " of wit in *Shakeſpeare*'s comedies; 'tis pity " there is ſo much of *low life* in them."— " Your Ladyſhip's criticiſm is extremely juſt; " every body muſt be ſtruck with it."— " Why now I think (ſaid I again), that what " you call *low life*, is *nature*, which I would " not loſe for all the reſt of the play."—" Oh! " doubtleſs, Miſs; for *nature Shakeſpeare* is " inimitable; every body muſt allow that."— " What do you think, Sir (ſaid my couſin " Betſy, who is a piece of a poeteſs herſelf), " of that *monody* you were ſo kind as to ſend us " yeſterday?"—" I never deliver my opinion, " Ma'am, before ſo able a judge, till I am firſt " informed of hers."—" I think it the moſt " beautiful poem, Sir, I have read of a great " while."—" Your opinion, Ma'am, flatters " me extremely, as it agrees exactly with my " own; they are, I think, inconteſtably the " ſweeteſt lines—" Sweet they may be (here I " broke in): I allow them merit in the *verſi-* " *fication*; but that is only one, and with me, " by no means the chief requiſite in a poem; " they want *force* altogether."—" Nay, as to " the matter of *force*, indeed, it muſt be

" owned—"

" owned—" " Yes, Sir, and *unity*, and *pro-*
" *priety*, and a thouſand other things; but, if
" my couſin will be kind enough to fetch the
" poem from her dreſſing-room, we will be judg-
" ed by you, Mr. *Dapperwit*."—" Pardon me,
" ladies, you would not have me be ſo rude.

" Who ſhall decide when doctors diſgrace?"

And, with that, he made one of the fineſt *bows* in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from ſillineſs, we muſt pity the man, and there's an end on't; if it ariſe from an idea of ſillineſs in us, let ſuch gentlemen as Mr. *Dapperwit* know, that they are very much miſtaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility,—pray inform them, Mr. MIRROR, that it is the moſt provoking piece of rudeneſs they can poſſibly commit.

Yours, &c.

BRIDGET NETTLEWIT.

V

N° 36. SATURDAY, *May* 29, 1779.

Some mute inglorious Milton *here may reſt.*

GRAY.

NOTHING has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon thoſe perſonages who have performed a diſtinguiſhed part on the theatre of life, whoſe actions were attended with important conſequences to the world around them, or whoſe writings have animated or inſtructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their aſhes are mingled with thoſe of the meaneſt and moſt worthleſs, affords a ſubject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of penſiveneſs, may feel a ſecret ſort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," ſays *Hamlet*, "that ſhe may paint an inch "thick; yet to this ſhe muſt come at laſt."

When *Xerxes*, at the head of his numerous army, ſaw all his troops ranged in order before him, he burſt into tears at the thought, that, in a ſhort time, they would be ſweeped from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to thoſe who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something of what *Xerxes* felt, from the conſideration that thoſe who then were ſhould ceaſe to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceaſed to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left ſome memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which thoſe names are accompanied.

But, ſerious as this reflection may be, it is not ſo deep as the thought, that even of thoſe perſons who were poſſeſſed of talents for diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part, it is likely, from hard neceſſity, or by ſome of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the poſſibility of exerting themſelves, or of being uſeful either to thoſe who lived in the ſame age, or to poſterity. Poverty in many, and "diſaſtrous chance" in others, have "chill'd the "genial current of the ſoul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midſt of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are paſt, how many may exiſt at this very moment, who, with all the talents fitted to ſhine in the world, to guide or to inſtruct it, may, by ſome ſecret misfortune,

have had their minds depreſſed, or the fire of their genius extinguiſhed!

I have been led into theſe reflections from the peruſal of a ſmall volume of poems which happens now to lie before me, which, though poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit, and compoſed in this country, are, I believe, very little known. In a well-written preface the reader is told, That moſt of them are the production of *Michael Bruce*: That this *Michael Bruce* was born in a remote village in *Kinroſs-ſhire*, and deſcended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and ſimplicity of their lives: That in the twenty-firſt year of his age, he was ſeized with a conſumption which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the conſideration of genius thus depreſſed by ſituation, ſuffered to pine in obſcurity, and ſometimes, as in the caſe of this unfortunate young man, to periſh, it may be, for want of thoſe comforts and conveniencies which might have foſtered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardſhips which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never paſs the place (a little hamlet, ſkirted with a circle of old aſh trees, about three miles on this ſide of *Kinroſs*) where *Michael Bruce* reſided: I never look on his dwelling,

ing,—a ſmall thatched houſe, diſtinguiſhed from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *ſaſhed window* at the end, inſtead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeyſuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it; — I never find myſelf in that ſpot, but I ſtop my horſe involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honeyſuckle has now almoſt covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the manſion; I wiſh, and my heart ſwells while I do ſo, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of viſiting him there, and bidding him be happy.—I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may ſhare ſome of my feelings, I will preſent them with an extract from the laſt poem in the little volume before me, which, from its ſubject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep conſumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himſelf every moment going faſter to decline, is an object ſufficiently intereſting; but how much muſt every feeling on the occaſion be heightened, when we know that this perſon poſſeſſed ſo much dignity and compoſure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the ſubject!

In the *French* language there is a much admired poem of the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, written, in expectation of his own death, to the *Marquis de la Farre*, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, has also written a poem on his own approaching death; with the latter part of which I shall conclude this paper.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' unconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with ſtill ſilence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the cloſe of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its buſy follies leave,
And talk with wiſdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me ſleep forgotten in the clay,
When Death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes,
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

P

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.